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From the Streets to the Polls

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — December 6, 1969, 40 cents

Fear of a Bloodbath

Tran Van Dinh

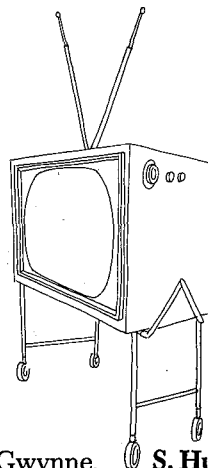
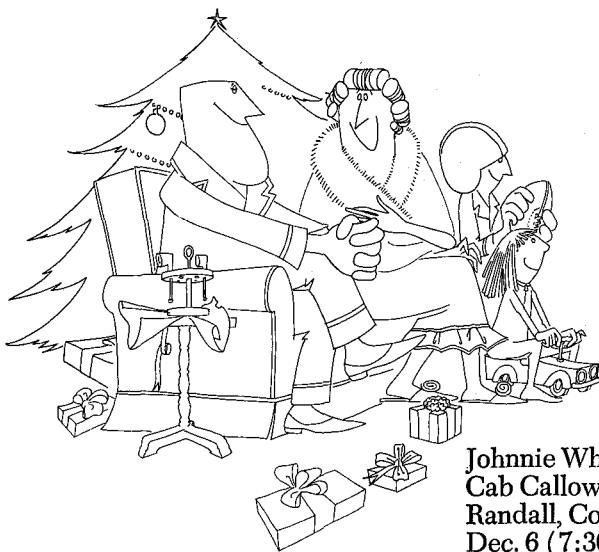
Thought for Food *John Osborne*

Soldiers on the War *The Editors*

Relevant Beasts *Louis Borges*

**The Pastore Bill — opposing views
of Louis L. Jaffe & Nicholas Johnson**

You who are about to give, sit back and receive.



We're inviting you to step off the tinsel merry-go-round. To sit back and let us entertain you.

Here's something for you to keep handy, a partial listing of December's programs. Included are music, drama and ballet.

And, for the children, some favorites we haven't space to list—Rudolph, Charlie Brown, the Little Drummer Boy and Dr. Seuss's Grinch.

And, because not even the Christmas season can halt the world's doings, there'll also be news and information programs.

In all, a sampler to choose from when you want to receive.

Sadbird. CBS Playhouse—Comedy-drama starring Jack Albertson, Gabriel Dell, Linda Lavin and Robert Foxworth. Monday, Dec. 1 (9:30-11 pm).

Siberia: The Endless Horizon. National Geographic Society—Picturesque study of Soviet's "frontier." Tuesday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Timetable for Vietnam. CBS Reports—Progress of attempts to "Vietnamize" the war. Tuesday, Dec. 2 (10-11 pm).

The Engelbert Humperdinck Show. With Jose Feliciano, Dionne Warwick, Barbara Eden, Tom Jones. Tuesday, Dec. 2 (10-11 pm).

The Littlest Angel. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Original musical stars

Johnnie Whitaker, Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, E. G. Marshall, Tony Randall, Connie Stevens. Saturday, Dec. 6 (7:30-9 pm).

Discovery. Taming the Killer Whale; A Matter of Pride; The Hidden World of the Forest; The Plain People. Sundays, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. The Nun—Parts 1 and 2; The Magical Mystery Miracle Box; Gandhi. Sundays, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 (1-1:30 pm).

Wild Kingdom. Year of the Otter; The Day the Grizzly Disappears; People That Time Forgot. Sundays, Dec. 7, 21, 28 (7-7:30 pm).

Frosty the Snowman. Animated children's story. Sunday, Dec. 7 (7:30-8 pm).

J. T. CBS Children's Hour—A shy, lonely, black youngster befriends a wounded cat. Saturday, Dec. 13 (12 Noon-1 pm).

Hans Brinker. Musical filmed in Holland. Starring Eleanor Parker, Richard Basehart, Cyril Ritchard, Robin Askwith. Sunday, Dec. 14 (7-9 pm).

The Great Dollar Robbery: Can We Arrest Inflation? ABC News Special probes nationwide problem. Monday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm).

Sahara. G-E Monogram Series—Sociological study of desert nomads. Friday, Dec. 19 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Nutcracker. New York City Ballet Company with Edward Villella, Patricia McBride. Tuesday, Dec. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Legend of Silent Night. Story of the Christmas carol, with James Mason, Kirk Douglas. Wednesday, Dec. 24 (9-11 pm).

S. Hurok Presents [Part III]. Concert features Russian pianist Emil Gilels and cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. Thursday, Dec. 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Christopher Discovers America. American Rainbow—A Korean orphan's first view of the U.S. Saturday, Dec. 27 (10:30-11:30 am).

Music For The Movies. New York Philharmonic Young Peoples Concert—Composer Aaron Copland conducts. Sunday, Dec. 28 (6-7 pm).

Election '69: What We Learned. The revolt of the white middle class, which President Nixon has called "the forgotten Americans," will be examined. Sunday, Dec. 28 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/G-E College Bowl/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

250. THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN by MICHAEL CRICHTON (Retail price \$5.95)

322. IN THIS HOUSE OF BREDE by RUMER GODDEN (Retail price \$6.95)

317. MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. by CORETTA SCOTT KING Photographs (Retail price \$6.95)

111. ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A Life Story by CARLOS BAKER Photographs (Retail price \$10)

490. LIFE ON MAN by THEODOR ROSEBURY (Retail price \$6.95)

304. THE AMERICANS by J. C. FURNAS Illustrated (Retail price \$12.95)

107. THE WAY THINGS WORK: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology (Retail price \$8.95)

484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad by HARRISON E. SALISBURY. Photos. (Retail price \$10)

188. A LONG ROW OF CANDLES: The Memoirs and Diaries of C. L. Sulzberger, 1934-1954 (Retail price \$12.50)

233. THE JOYS OF YIDDISH by LEO ROSTEN (Retail price \$10)

355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT by WILLIAM MANCHESTER Charts and maps (Retail price \$10)

280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE by WILL and ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Retail price \$12)

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493. FIRE FROM HEAVEN by MARY RENAUULT (Retail price \$7.95)

249. CAPTIVE CITY Chicago in Chains by OVID DEMARIS (Retail price \$6.95)

133. THE HUMAN ZOO by DESMOND MORRIS (Retail price \$6.95)

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236. ONLY ONE YEAR by SVETLANA ALLIUYEVA (Retail price \$7.95)

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104. MISS CRAIG'S 21-DAY SHAPE-UP PROGRAM: For Men & Women. Illustrated (Retail price \$6.95)

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183. THE VICTIMS by BERNARD LEFKOWITZ and KENNETH G. GROSS (Retail price \$6.95)

381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION by WILL and ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Retail price \$15)

408. COUPLES by JOHN UPDIKE (Retail price \$6.95)

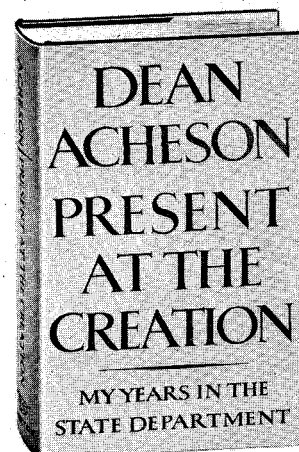
234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated (Retail price \$12.50)

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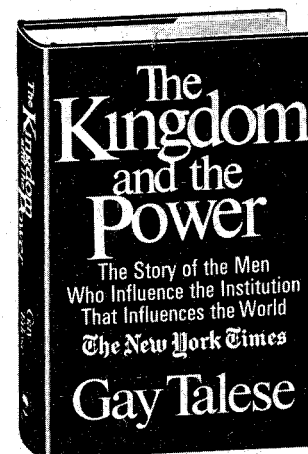
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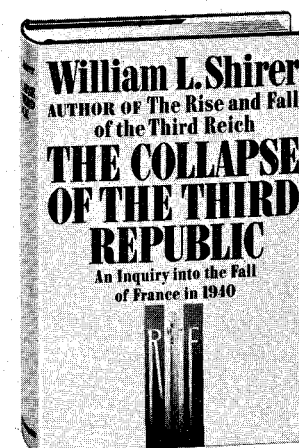
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Down Is Up

We paid our taxi to Congress the other day and climbed up a flight of stairs in the Rayburn Office Building where we arrived at the "basement." Washington is the only city we know where you can do that. The upstairs-to-the-basement atmosphere is all around.

Take a few samples and you understand it. A. Ernest Fitzgerald, Air Force efficiency expert and cost watchdog, is the man who disclosed the \$2-billion appropriations overrun of the giant C-5A to Congress. You would think he would be rewarded. Not at all; he was fired. Upstairs to the basement.

Or here's that passage from the inaugural about lowered voices: "America has suffered . . . from angry rhetoric that fans discontents and hatreds; from bombastic rhetoric that postures instead of persuading"—and all the rest. So now try this on your lowered voice: "An effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals" and so on. Upstairs to the basement.

As we write this the AP news ticker gives us this one: "Washington (AP)—Deputy Atty. Gen. Richard G. Kleindienst told Congress today that President Nixon plans to eliminate college deferments as part of his reform of the draft law, but the White House promptly denied any such plan." See how easy it is? Anybody can play it.

Here's a fine example that will cheer you up: economic activity is slackening off, the production index has dropped from nearly 7 percent in the first quarter to less than 4 percent in the third and we can hopefully expect soon that unemployment will be rising. Bad news? Not where upstairs leads to the basement! An increase of 1 percent

in unemployment means another 850,000 out of work and that makes the labor just that much more docile and obedient. Auto sales, too, are behind last year's, and most of the economic signs are down. Fine, isn't it? We're fighting inflation all right, and when we get that 1970 recession you can depend upon it—the cost of living will rise only half as fast. Upstairs to the basement.

Once you grasp the thought it makes everything in Washington simpler. Let's try a couple of more sophisticated ones now, just for practice. Dr. Milton Eisenhower's latest Violence Commission report on crime says that if we don't spend more money soon on social reform, high-rise apartments will be "fortified cells," "armed citizens in cars will supplement inadequate police patrols," "extreme left-wing and right-wing groups will have tremendous arsenals of weapons," and "ownership of guns will be almost universal in the suburbs, homes will be fortified." Grim, eh? The Commission recommends social amelioration just "as quickly as funds can be obtained."

So what does Congress do? Why naturally, it reacts on the up-to-the-basement syndrome: instead of getting more funds for bankrupt cities by raising taxes it is reducing taxes; instead of curbing firearms the Senate is weakening the already weak federal gun control law and—with a fine sense of humor—is attaching its parasitical amendment to a serious-faced bill (like a tick to a dog) for extending the interest equalization tax.

It all comes down to things not being what they seem. Here Mr. Nixon names a man to the Supreme Court: the candidate seems decent enough as an individual but hopelessly out-of-date—not a modern man. Senators squirm uncomfortably and the victim tries unsuccessfully a couple of times to escape crucifixion. The Attorney General won't let him. After it's all over and the debacle has occurred the President grimly writes, "I deeply regret this action. I believe a majority of the people in the nation regret it." How up-to-the-basement can you get? All three Nixon leaders in the Senate, Scott, Griffin, Smith, unhappily deserted him; in the 55-45 defeat, 17 Republican senators voted "Nay." Their sensitive antenna discerned no "majority."

Then, too, there were the reactions

to that vast antiwar demonstration here. The US Information Agency got the alarming thought that the world might misinterpret it. So they whipped up a TV show, "The Silent Majority"—most of which was an interview with Dr. Gallup. Sure, he said, the nation supported the "President's program of troop withdrawals." But he added a line which we should have liked to have heard the amiable doctor speaking in dubbed-in Tagalog, or the Mandarin dialect of Chinese. This line was, naturally, omitted under the up-to-the-basement formula; the crucial codicil, "Future backing of the President depends upon the pace of subsequent withdrawals." That line was cut out.

Mrs. John Mitchell, the Attorney General's blonde wife, added her own helpful voice to the discussion of the antiwar demonstration. She objected (rightfully enough) to the two instances of trouble created by the fanatic fringe. "As my husband has said many times," she explained, "some of the liberals in this country—he'd like to take them and change them for the Russian Communists." That seems explicable enough, but how about the other comment, that she doesn't object to peaceful demonstrators, but to "the very liberal Communists" who make trouble? That sounds like up-to-the-basement language.

Speaking of that antiwar demonstration, how memory goes back to that glittering fall day where the good-natured, middle-class, majestic multitude slowly eddied about the Monument, hating war but still unaware of that sickening Vietnam village atrocity. That would have changed the mood; as it was, it was reasonably friendly and cheerful—a group of youngsters came through dressed in American collegiate (long hair, blankets, levis) chanting the theme of the Volga Boat song.

It has run in our head ever since so we will tell it to you to get rid of it. They sang quite slowly, with measured heaves and puffs, like the poor devils tugging the hawsers over their shoulders against the Volga current. "Spir-o-h AG-new," they chanted. Then, with the weight of centuries of oppression in their voices they gave the next line—"what did We do. . . ." And finally they asked the patient, elemental question with its lingering pathos, "To de-SERVE you?" We shall always wonder how the song finished.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Soldiers on the War

The right to express opinions on matters of public and personal concern is secured to soldier and civilian alike by the Constitution and laws of the United States." So said the Office of the Adjutant General of the Department of the Army on June 23. The letter we publish on page 29 from a GI indicates that at least at Fort Bliss, Texas, the Adjutant General's views get fleeting respect. Our correspondent and his friends who are active in GIs For Peace say they are scrupulous in ensuring that their actions "are legal and comply strictly with Department of Defense regulations." What good this does them is demonstrated in the letter. There is little reason to doubt that elsewhere also, the Adjutant General's admonitions to "all commanders" on the subject of free speech are similarly taken lightly. Meantime, however, the Pentagon is exercising to the full its right to express its views and to strike out against those who differ from it. One of its chosen instruments is Major James N. Rowe, who with the full-blooded support of the Army Chief of Staff, General Westmoreland, is in Washington "on temporary duty," briskly churning out television interviews and radio tapes for pro-war congressmen that strive to put over the official viewpoint on the war in Vietnam and to put down the proponents of prompt withdrawal. Major Rowe's targets have included Senators McGovern ("I wonder what flag did he cherish?" asks the major), Fulbright, Mansfield; also the Associated Press and United Press International wire services, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life* and *Look* magazines, *The New York Times* and *Washington Post*. The press, he said in an interview with Rep. Edgar Foreman (R, NM) "is the most biased I have ever seen."

Major Rowe is not the only military sniper roaming free through the propaganda jungle. Colonel Frank Borman, the astronaut, appears on TV urging us all to support Mr. Nixon's plan on Vietnam, whatever it may be. Then there is General Lewis W. Walt, assistant commandant of the US Marine Corps, who thinks the proper job of "the news media" is to manufacture ammunition to sling back at "the Communists" who are confusing "our people." General Walt took it on himself to hint bluffly that "the alleged American massacre at Song My" was a lot of lies — because a South Vietnamese army commander to whom he talked "ruled out the villagers' story." The United States Information Agency, incidentally, has been quick to go down the trail

blazed by Major Rowe and General Walt. The day after President Nixon's November 3 speech about Vietnam, the USIA began "crash-producing" a film, with sound tracks in 20 languages, proving to 110 nations that the "silent majority" backs the war, and that those hundreds of thousands of demonstrators the world has been watching on TV are insignificant.

In theory, the Pentagon's rules on the freedom of men in uniform in this undeclared war to express their convictions are fairly permissive; at least we know they permit, encourage, soldiers like Major Rowe to lobby for the Pentagon's policies. But will this commendable permissiveness cover only attacks on dissenters? Will the Pentagon even-handedly apply the same principle to protect its critics as well? According to the Adjutant General, a soldier "may petition or present any grievance to any member of Congress" and "complaining personnel must not be treated as 'enemies of the system.'" Likewise, the First Amendment protects "publication of 'underground newspapers' by soldiers off-post, on their own time, and with their own money and equipment," and "a commander must have cogent reasons, with supporting evidence, for any denial of distribution privileges." How far down the line has that word reached? Most commanders, being commanders and human, will be inclined to hearken less to the Adjutant General than to General Westmoreland and the House of Representatives Armed Services Committee hawks who sponsor Major Rowe. If that judgment is wrong, we shall know it when some servicemen come to the nation's capital and make TV films criticizing the Pentagon's friends in the Congress.

Major Rowe, a former Green Beret, was a prisoner of the Vietcong for five years, which could not have been pleasant. But what angers him is not his treatment as a POW so much as the "misinformation" he sees everywhere, the "very few accurate reports of what is going on in Vietnam." Senators are "protesting about something they don't understand." Don't understand what? How it felt to be a prisoner of war? Or what the war is about, and what stake the US has in keeping it going?

Major Rowe said: "We are entering into an ideological conflict where the political and the military are married into one. If somebody says you can't speak and stay in the military, I would resign . . . The thing is, you're going to have to choose sides." Some GIs For Peace would love to resign. But if those who can't resign don't side with Major Rowe and the Pentagon on the matter of the Vietnam war, will they be as free as he to propagandize for their views? That's the question. For if they can't, if they're harassed, restricted, punished, we shall confront a situation which Vice President Agnew so rightly fears — concentrated power (the Pentagon's is far mightier than that of general TV commentators and two newspapers) used to promote only one point of view, and a biased one at that.

Rising Star, Rising Crescent

Dakar

Militant Islam is playing a seminal role in Black Africa for the first time since President Nasser tried and failed to make it the vehicle of his pan-African ambitions of a decade ago. Revolutionary events in predominantly Muslim African countries are already affecting neighbor states.

The new republican government in Libya, with its attachment to pan-Islamic ideals, has assured Dr. Abba Sidik, the Tripoli-based leader of the Muslim revolutionary movement in Chad, of increased support. Sidik's guerrillas now tie up 10,000 Chadian troops and about 2500 French forces — over half of them Foreign Legionnaires, predominantly Germans.

A month after the September antimonarchy coup in Tripoli, a similar reform junta took over in Somalia, arresting the multiparty civilian coalition and indicating that it would revive Somalia's claims to Somali-speaking parts of Ethiopia and Kenya. Ethiopian reports say Somalia is once again openly helping not only Ethiopian Somalis but also Muslim dissidents in Haile Selassie's country. With storm-tossed Kenya and tense Ethiopia both anticipating civil wars when their almost octogenarian leaders die — if not before — the moment is ideal for an escalation of Muslim agitation.

With Kenya on the brink of a violent Luo-Kikuyu tribal conflict, the stage is set for the Somalis, Turkanas and other sand-poor groups in Kenya's desertic North to link up with their warring neighbors, the Galla of Ethiopia, and bid for freedom from Christian and pagan control. There is no doubt that the desire for this freedom is strong and visceral.

Diplomats expect that Somalia will now become a staging post for the Eritrean Liberation Front — a Muslim movement trained in Syria which aims at making the coastal strip that Haile Selassie got as Italian war reparations, in 1946, an independent Baathist state. Muslims are now an estimated forty percent of Ethiopia's population — numerically equal to the dominant, governing, landowning, Christian Coptic element.

The appearance of pan-Islamic governments in Libya and Somalia will encourage the Muslim junta in the Sudan to press its drive to subdue the Christian and pagan South. At official press conferences in Khartoum, there is talk of a "quick kill" operation. Sudan's six-year civil war, reported to have caused half-a-million military and civilian dead, has been stalemated for months. Anya-Nya, the black secessionist army, even declared a Biafra-style secession state — the "Nile Republic" — back in May.

In Tanzania, where religious and tribal friction has been muted so far, Muslims are conscious of being over

50 percent of the population but of not enjoying 50 percent of political power – mostly because Christians are more educated. Revolutionary Zanzibar, predominantly Muslim, could be a mainspring for any pan-Islamic movement in the divided twin-state federation.

Uganda has Muslim minorities, which remember the day when a 19th century Kabaka converted to the faith. Uganda's Muslims have ethnic links with neighboring Congolese tribes, which have converted to Islam in the past decade.

The Mid-East conflict gives Islam a cohesive cause that can be depicted as a West versus East, capitalist versus socialist war, with the "imperialist camp" backing the "zionist intruders" against an underdog Arab world stoutly supported by Russia – which can use its own Muslim minorities in window-dressing roles such as ambassadorships in Africa. The result is that most black African Muslims are anti-Western. Condemned in the past as conquerors, the Arabs, thanks to their miserable modern military record, have now become "just like us" to many once-skeptical black Africans. If Islam does emerge as the decisive force for political change in eastern Africa – from the Mediterranean to Tanzania or the Congo – it could certainly influence West Africa, where Islam is both the predominant and the fastest-growing faith.

Most of non-Biafran Nigeria is Islamic. The Lagos junta has received aid from Egypt, including the loan of war pilots. Even in Western Nigeria, Muslims now are over half the population.

In Guinea's eccentric pot-pourri of left-wing fascism, President Sékou Touré relies heavily on Islam for mass obedience. In Mali, where almost everyone is Muslim, there is still residual support for the overthrown left-wing regime of Modibo Keita – whom the ruling junta will probably not dare to put on trial. The Mali government has failed to rescue the country's stagnant economy; its collaboration with France is far from popular; the former colonial power can be successfully accused of having forced nominal Catholicism on many Malian children as the price of education.

In these days of successful revolutions against all-powerful settler groups (Algeria, Kenya, Zambia, etc.) and of "prison graduate" charisma, nothing succeeds like persecution – real or imagined. Left-wing opposition to Catholic President Léopold-Sédar Senghor of Senegal is aggressively Islamic. In the Gambia, moderate premier Sir Dawda Jawara reconverted back from Methodism to Islam a few years ago to secure his power base. In an unorthodox swing, Muslims now back the left-wing intellectual opposition in Sierra Leone.

Islam absorbs pagan mores more tolerantly than Christendom. It has the emotional advantage of not being "white" and of appealing to the current vogue for racial chauvinism, while commanding impressive respect for its potential from an unsympathetic white-power world. It has been associated in the past with

uneducated poverty – but in parallel, and more usefully, with resistance to Westernization. It symbolizes the peasant against the city slicker, the all-African against the lost generation of "men of two centuries."

Converts to Islam among the élite compare themselves as "whole men" to the "half-baked Christians." Black African Muslims are probably, on average, more zealous in their faith than the populace of the urbanized hell's kitchens of the Middle East. In the past, Islam's greatest handicaps were the olive skin and aquiline features of the Prophet, and the historical way in which the star and crescent flags followed the trade in black slavery. A turning point seems to have been reached.

Russell Warren Howe

The Nixon Watch

Thought for Food

A week before the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health was to open in Washington, nobody at the White House could tell President Nixon just how many people he was likely to be addressing on the morning of December 2 or guarantee to the Secret Service that he would not be booed, cursed and generally maligned by some of his hearers. Professor Jean Mayer, a Harvard nutritionist who had been organizing the conference for the President since mid-June and, in the process, acquiring an education in political and social realities that he'd never thought he needed, hoped to hold the attendance to some 2600 academics, corporation executives, blacks, Indians, feminists, Pacific islanders, students, Mexican-Americans, congressmen and members of organizations varying from the American Legion and the US Chamber of Commerce to the Appalachian Volunteers and Mississippi's Delta Foundation.

At least twice that many people had demanded the right to attend. Among the invited and the uninvited there were some who were determined that the conference should not be the three-day exercise in peaceful, constructive contribution to the Nixon Administration's proclaimed purposes to end hunger and malnutrition in the United States "for all time" that Professor Mayer and his Presidential associates envisaged. Walter Washington, the District of Columbia's black mayor, had arranged to have the luxury hotel that had been preempted for the conference thoroughly but unobtrusively policed. The mayor's policemen had orders to seize and eject any malcontents who might try to disrupt the plenary sessions or the 20-plus group sessions at which the serious work of the conference was to be done. The preliminaries proved, if

nothing else, that hunger in America and the less spectacular ills of malnutrition had come to constitute a true national cause. It had become both imperative and politically profitable for Mr. Nixon to fulfill his promise that the conference findings "will be the basis for action by this Administration and the beginning of a national commitment—to put an end to malnutrition and hunger among the poor, to make better use of our agricultural bounty and nutritional knowledge, and to ensure a healthful diet for all Americans."

The President had little notion of what he was getting into last May when he projected the conference as an affair for "executives from the nation's leading food processing and food distribution companies and trade unions" who would advise him on how to improve government food programs and inspire "the private food market . . . to improve the nutritional status of all Americans." That undertaking was part of a hasty effort, in response to belatedly recognized congressional pressures, to come up with a convincing Presidential message on "Hunger in America" and, specifically, to beef up the Administration's parsimonious allocation of funds in the current (fiscal 1970) budget for food stamps for the hungry poor. Nixon ordered his Budget Bureau to squeeze an extra \$270-million for food stamps out of defense estimates, the Senate and House eventually authorized and appropriated \$610 million, and the President planned to make his signing of that appropriation a major showing of his commitment to the hunger cause before the conference opened. Since the \$610 million is to be spent in the remaining half of this fiscal year, it establishes an annual level of \$1.2 billion for food-stamp assistance and renders the Nixon claim of "a total program of \$2.5 billion" for the alleviation of hunger more credible than it previously was.

A White House figure who did know what the President was getting into was his urban affairs specialist, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Given the President's commitment to a hunger conference, Moynihan immediately set about broadening its scope and invited Jean Mayer to accept the temporary title of Special Consultant in charge of organizing it. The first of the results, in the forms of 26 surprisingly positive and innovative panel reports on every conceivable aspect of the hunger problem, are already in hand and the conference itself will be making news, for better or worse, when this is read. However it comes off, the conference and the preparations for it will have contributed enormously to the instruction of one American, French-born Professor Mayer, in the ways and turmoils of the body politic and also of the curious institution at its apex, the Nixon White House.

Mayer was anything but an isolated academician when he moved from Cambridge to the White House in June. Long before hunger was a cause for anyone

except the few zealots who were really aware of its extent in America, it and the related problems of dietary deficiencies were his causes. He was the first witness called by Senator George McGovern's select committee on hunger. He had a hand in launching the Citizens Inquiry and the CBS television documentary, "Hunger in America," that in 1967-68 did much to force the problem to national attention. He was a founder and the first chairman of the aggressive National Council on Hunger and Malnutrition, a private organization dedicated to making the well-fed so uncomfortable about the unfed and ill-fed that they will support or at least tolerate the national expenditure of money and effort that is necessary if all Americans are to be adequately fed. Professor Mayer thought, in short, that he knew the score and expected serious opposition and hindrance only from entrenched conservatives, in Congress and in business, when he took on the conference job. He was in for a shock, and he got it from unexpected quarters.

He discovered, first of all, that the Nixon establishment had given no practical thought to the matter of financing the conference. How to meet his budget of \$950,000 was still a problem for him the week before the conference opened. Travel and living expenses had to be provided for at least half the conference participants, including several hundred representatives of "the poor." Mayer extracted \$250,000 from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, wangled \$500,000 from the Ford, Rockefeller and Kellogg Foundations (the latter, he takes care to say, no relation to Kellogg Foods), and looked to the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Agriculture Department for \$200,000. Legal obstacles to the OEO and Agriculture contributions had not been resolved on November 25, and Mayer's confidence that the money would be forthcoming was not shared by the officials who would have to disgorge it.

Mayer's own National Council was a source of pain and trouble. Its executive director, Washington attorney John R. Kramer (who had been hired by Mayer), had expressed a suspicion in one of its publications that the White House conference would turn out to be "a quasi-academic research and study session . . . not vitally concerned with producing substantial increments of social change" and that "the poor and the consumers" invited to it would be submerged and undone by "professors and businessmen." Kramer kept and shared with any journalists who asked him for it a discouraging tally of Administration actions on hunger matters this year, a summary of niggardly budgetary positions that on its face brought into question the President's promise of a genuine "national commitment." It seemed to Mayer that staff members in the service of Senator McGovern and other congressional hunger-fighters sniped at him and his efforts, planting press reports (false, Mayer says) that the

White House required political clearance for participants in the conference and insisted that the roles of black and other minority militants be kept to a manageable minimum. The counter-effect, Mayer says, was to arouse distrust among those same militants, thereby impeding efforts to bring a representative cross-section of them into the conference. This kind of fire from theoretically friendly quarters convinced Mayer that too many people in the anti-hunger ranks want to preserve the problem as a partisan issue, and that too many others see in it "a symbolic issue" to be used more to further general social reform than to abolish hunger and malnutrition.

The force of these and kindred complaints at the White House is reduced by the acknowledged truth of a story

involving Senator McGovern. Jean Mayer, who still regards the Senator as a friend of the conference, asked him last July if he would be willing to address it if he were formally invited. McGovern said that he would be happy to. McGovern was told in October that he would not be invited to speak. Mayer later explained: "The fact that Senator McGovern is considered to be a leading candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic side seems to us to be a good reason to get a different Senator." Another Democrat, Walter Mondale of Minnesota, was chosen. Professor Mayer may like to know that Senator Mondale asked John Kramer of the National Council to draft his conference speech for him.

John Osborne

From the Streets to the Polls

by James David Barber and David R. Mayhew

Tell a hawk congressman you are planning a peace march through his district, and you're likely to get a cold rebuff. Tell the same man you have organized a thousand volunteers to canvass his district in the next primary in support of a dove opponent. Then his attention picks up. Show him you know the law, the ins and outs of the nominating process. Show him a substantial campaign fund already available for peace candidates. Tell him the name of the popular citizen who has agreed to contest his nomination if necessary. At this point he is listening hard. . . . Perhaps there is something to that Goodell Resolution after all.

The next step for the peace movement is from the streets to the polls. The massive Moratorium of October 15 and the immense (and 99 and 44/100ths percent pure nonviolent) march of November 15 made their point: a majority of Americans recognize that the war in Vietnam is a mistake. The job now is to translate that sentiment into political power. The President can always back up his popularity by appealing for personal support in time of crisis. He may yet discern in the flux of opinion the difference between allegiance to the flag and acceptance of his slow and secret policy. But he has nearly three more years for maneuver before he faces the electorate. Four-hundred thirty-five representatives and a third of the senators

face that test in the coming year.

The machinery for '70 is already in motion. Incumbents are watching the election calendar, wondering if challengers will let the key dates pass without action. In Connecticut, for example, registration to vote in party primaries in 1970 closes on January 9. In other states candidates must file as early as the first or second week in February. Normally, all this early maneuvering takes place in obscurity; the public is not much interested, and the politicians are willing to leave it that way. But unless the peace forces want to wake up next November to congressional contests of the Humphrey vs. Nixon type, the time to shape the choices is upon us.

Success in a campaign for a peace Congress depends on mobilizing quickly to implement a plan with at least the following elements:

1. *Money.* It is an old political maxim that a dollar in January is worth \$5 in July. The shift in public confidence from newspapers to television has escalated the cost of campaigning far beyond what most candidates can afford. A national effort to elect a peace Congress will cost millions, but in the early days of the campaign it is the thousand-dollar checks which count. Before a candidate takes on an entrenched opponent, he needs — and deserves — to know whether he has a realistic chance. Money helps that confidence.

2. *Candidate Recruitment.* In some states and dis-

The authors teach political science at Yale University.

tricts, registration and petition efforts will have to get started before candidates appear, simply because the deadlines are approaching so rapidly. As soon as possible, however, these actions must be organized around specific candidates who articulate and lead the cause. The overriding criterion must be the man's determination to take an active, aggressive role, in cooperation with other congressmen, to stop the war. That comes first. But reactionaries, ideological wild men, and political inepts – however loudly they proclaim their dedication to peace – have to be screened out. The point is to win and get the US out of Vietnam.

3. *Leg Power.* Personal contact with voters – canvassing – is probably the most effective way to bring out the votes. In the hoopla of Presidential campaigns other factors may be more important, but congressional primaries are prime targets for personal politics. Primaries can be won by small margins: in many of them, only 20 to 25 percent of eligible voters make it to the polls. There is much room for education at the doorstep: Gallup found in 1965 that 57 percent of American adults did not even know their congressman's name; 70 percent did not know when he would next stand for election – much less how he stood on the war. If the peace forces in both parties can mobilize the kind of volunteer effort we saw in New Hampshire, Oregon, Wisconsin and California in 1968, Congress can be turned around on its grassroots.

It won't be easy. Target states and districts will have to be carefully picked – although there is hardly a district in the country in which a serious challenge cannot be mounted if the war drags on. The national mood seems volatile; Representative Sam Steiger of Arizona and 14 of his colleagues read it one way when they call on the President to order a "sudden and major escalation" of the war. Furthermore, incumbents have been hard to beat; they hang onto their seats as if they owned them. In the current House, only 9.2 percent of the members are freshmen, the lowest percentage of new blood in the history of the US. Many are too busy climbing up the little ladders in their committees and subcommittees to grasp the urgencies felt among the people back home. That can change. A locally based movement for a peace Congress will know best the races on which to concentrate.

Take Rep. John Rarick, Democrat from Louisiana. Rarick has termed peace demonstrations "a public manifestation of disloyalty." Only three of Louisiana's eight Representatives were opposed in the last election; Rarick was one. In the midst of his district, the Sixth, stands Louisiana State University, with more than 16,000 students and their teachers. What are the chances for defeating Rarick in a primary next year?

Consider Mr. William E. Minshall, Republican, of Ohio's Twenty-Third District. Minshall is the second-ranking Republican on the Department of Defense

subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations. He has not been what you might call an energetic advocate of prompt withdrawal from Vietnam. In November, 1968, Minshall squeaked through with 52 percent of the vote, defeating a liberal Democrat by a margin of 8000 in 200,000 votes. Suppose that among the 40,000 students at Ohio State University, and those from other colleges, a thousand canvassers could be discovered, trained and transported to Minshall's district for a primary in May. Somewhere along the road Rep. Minshall might change his mind.

Why have we not heard of leadership for peace from the House Committee on Armed Services? Ranking right next to Mendel Rivers on that committee, and chairman of its subcommittee number one is Rep. Phil Philbin, Democrat, of Massachusetts' Third District. Mr. Philbin was not among the more than 80 members who spoke up for the Moratorium; so far he cannot be called a leader for peace. Philbin's district nests among one of the most thickly settled hotbeds of student power in the United States – the Harvard-MIT-University of Massachusetts-Brandeis complex. In the last election he faced two challengers and won with a bare 47.8 percent of the vote. Should there be an alternative to Philbin in 1970?

The House has a Committee on Foreign Affairs, a fact that may be news to those who have noticed the leading role of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The ranking Republican there is E. Ross Adair, who won in Indiana's Fourth District with a shaky 51.4 percent of the vote. What could be accomplished by a team from Notre Dame, backed up with volunteers from Indiana University's nearly 50,000 students?

In districts like these, a double-barreled strategy may make sense: primaries in *both* parties, to raise the odds that a peace candidate will get on the ballot in 1970.

There are targets elsewhere. Hebert of Louisiana, Meskill of Connecticut – even the Rivers and Mahons may be challengeable. In the Senate, four seats are being vacated, their incumbents retiring, so the field is open: Holland of Florida, McCarthy of Minnesota, Young of Ohio, and Williams of Delaware. Dodd of Connecticut deserves to go, as does Murphy of California. Prouty of Vermont is being challenged by an attractive, outspoken Robert Kennedy-Eugene McCarthy supporter, ex-Governor Phil Hoff, in a state increasingly attuned to change. Alaska could replace Republican-appointed Theodore Stevens and return to its Gruening tradition. Hawaii – strongly Democratic in Presidential voting – might replace Republican hawk Hiram Fong. Meanwhile, senators who *have* taken courageous leadership for peace need strong support: Gore of Tennessee, Hart of Michigan, Yarborough of Texas, Goodell of New York and others.

Realistically, present US policy, dependent as it is on the Saigon junta, the NLF and Hanoi, may drift into

re-escalation or widely spaced mini-withdrawals. The war may be worse by November, or drag on as now. Or it could be over by November. The campaign for a peace Congress must be ready, before it is too late to effect real changes in Washington. Act One is a visit to each incumbent senator or representative by a top delegation of citizens, urging him to join with his colleagues in a common move for a quick end to the war, and describing to him the organized peace forces developing in his constituency. Act Two is the nominating process – the registration drive, petitions, conventions, and primaries. Act Three is November.

To play out this drama with hope in the results requires a special dedication which may be too much for the older generation. It means hour after hour of work few will notice. It moves beyond the excitement of provocation to the exhaustion of persuasion. There will have to be speeches by those who have never made speeches, lonely encounters with hostile voters, cold feet and missed recreations, chances taken in a cloud of uncertainty. No one can say how it will turn out. But if the alternative to politics is acquiescence to killing and dying, we have a responsibility to try politics.

The Fate of "Our" Vietnamese after Withdrawal

Fear of a Bloodbath

by Tran Van Dinh

The possibility of a "bloodbath" in South Vietnam if US troops were to swiftly withdraw has been worrying both "hawks" and "doves." But the Vietnamese likely to be the most affected by a change of regime in Saigon, or by a Communist take-over – the wealthy and powerful – do not talk much about it: they have been getting ready ever since the Tet offensive of 1968, which brought the war into their cities and their air-conditioned living rooms. A quiet exodus began, mostly to France. The price of exodus is not cheap. An exit visa costs as much as \$5000; a "certificate of French citizenship" costs about \$2000; illegal border crossings into Cambodia cost anywhere from \$800 to \$4000.

Money has been deposited in European banks. According to Alessandro Cassella of *Die Weltwoche* of Zurich a total of between \$1.5 and \$2 billion has left Vietnam in this way. According to the same journalist, President Nguyen Van Thieu has found a home for his children in Rome (where his brother is ambassador), and his wife has just purchased a house in Europe. He estimates that of 1600 Vietnamese who are legally leaving this country each month, half do not return,

which means that approximately 10,000 have emigrated since the negotiations started in Paris. My own estimates are a bit higher. Those who cannot afford or who do not wish to leave, have gone through a well-planned process of accommodation with the "other side," an accommodation that reaches the highest echelons of the government. Huynh Van Trong, special assistant to President Thieu, was arrested in July this year with 42 others on charges of having contacts with the Vietcong. They were scheduled for trial November 28. On the provincial level, as Henry A. Kissinger has noted, "tacit accommodations are not unusual in many areas such as the Mekong Delta" (*Foreign Affairs*, January 1969). One wonders who will be left among the prospective victims.

The here-and-now bloodbath is real, however. For the majority of Vietnamese, poor peasants in the defoliated countryside and destitute workers in the city slums, it is what they have been witnessing a long time: the search and destroy missions; the "free zone" strikes; the B52 saturation bombings; the *Phoenix* operation (which from December 1967 to December 1968 killed 18,393 civilian Vietcong cadres); the Song My ("Pinkville") type of breakfast massacre in which an American infantry unit allegedly shot down some hundreds of men, women and children in a captured village in the early morning of March 16, 1968; the atrocities regularly described in national magazines (*Esquire*, *Look*, *The New Yorker*). To talk about a

MR. TRAN VAN DINH's last post in the South Vietnamese diplomatic service was that of *Chargé d'affaires* in Washington in 1963. In 1960 he was a member of the South Vietnamese Cabinet, holding the portfolio of Director General of Information, and was also a member of the National Security Council.

future massacre against this present background is ironic, to say the least.

For me, a Vietnamese, to discuss this problem is to admit the US has a role to play in the internal affairs of Vietnam after the war. I ask myself if earlier Americans would have been impressed by the reprisal argument, if it had been raised by the British before they left American shores after the War of Independence? Would it have carried much weight if, during the Civil War, a European country had intervened on behalf of either the North or the South, and then refused to leave on the grounds that withdrawal would leave the people of the North (or the South) at the mercy of aggressors?

Nonetheless, the question needs to be discussed, if only because it is raised by many Americans whose compassion for the Vietnamese people and whose opposition to the war I do not doubt. But in doing so, we must examine two underlying myths: the first is that the "Orientals put little value on life and take killing very lightly"; the second is that reprisals are the monopoly of the Communists, whereas anti-Communists are less vengeful. The first is easily dispelled by a reading of Western history: the religious wars, the Inquisition, the lynchings, the World Wars, the American Indian and Civil Wars, Hitler's "final settlement." Anyone who has spent time in Vietnam realizes that the peasant esteems life very highly. The Oriental is no more brutal, no more casual about death than is the Occidental, irrespective of politics. Since 1945, Vietnam has gone through a revolution and revolutions are always bloody, but the blood is on all hands. Mr. Kissinger recognized this when he wrote: "It is beyond imagination that parties that have been murdering and betraying each other for 25 years could work together as a team giving joint instructions to the entire country." The French, whom the US helped to fight against the Viet Minh during the first Indochinese War, murdered a large number of Vietnamese nationalists and Communists alike, in both the North and the South. In November, 1945, French artillery fire and air bombardment killed 6000 fleeing Vietnamese civilians at Haiphong. The brief Japanese occupation of Vietnam was also bloody.

Many Americans believe that the Vietnamese Catholics will be the sure victims of future reprisals. Thus, President Nixon in his address on November 3 mentioned the "million-and-a-half Catholic refugees who fled to South Vietnam when the Communists took over the North." The President's statistics were inflated. According to *Vietnam Past and Present* published in Saigon in 1956 under the patronage of the South Vietnam Department of Education and the National Commission for UNESCO (p. 374) and written by Mr. Thai Van Kiem, a Vietnamese diplomat and scholar, the total number of refugees was: 887,895 of whom 85

percent or 754,710 were Catholics. Also, some 100,000 Vietnamese left the South for the North in 1954, several thousands of whom were Catholic. There are now about 800,000 Catholics in North Vietnam. There are Catholics in the leadership of the National Liberation Front. Those who predict the wholesale murder of Catholics by Communists sound more Catholic (and more anti-Communist) than the most anti-Communist Catholic leader in South Vietnam, Father Hoang Quynh. During the First Indochinese War, Father Hoang Quynh led a guerrilla army against the Viet Minh, and in 1954 he moved south with his faithful. Recently, he said: "If the Communists come, we will try and live and adapt here." (*Newsweek* November 24, 1969) In the last three years, he has worked out a close relationship with Venerable Thich Tri Quang, the militant Buddhist leader whom some in the US consider pro-Communist. Father Hoang Quynh knows very well that security lies in close association with your own people, not with a foreign army. In a communique on January 8, 1968, the Conference of Bishops in Vietnam appealed to "the goodwill of the government of both South and North Vietnam to build peace together: in the name of the Lord, we cry Stop." In early November this year, 93 prominent Vietnamese Catholics from France, West Germany, Canada and in Vietnam called for the immediate withdrawal of US troops. Among the signers of this appeal was Colonel Nguyen Van Chau, for several years (1957-1962) Director of Psychological Warfare of the ARVN (Army of the Republic of South Vietnam). (The colonel recently sent a letter supporting the October and November Moratoriums in the US.)

In recent months Saigon has given wide publicity to "mass executions and mass graves" in Hue, digging up bodies for the press and photographers. Yet, Colonel Ton That Khien, chief of Quang Ngai province ("Pinkville"), where the March 16, 1968 massacre of Vietnamese women and children took place, refused to dig up the bodies of the victims, saying that "they are old bodies" (*Evening Star*, November 17, 1969). Why are the Hue bodies new and the Quang Ngai old, when they were buried at the same time? President Nixon said: "We saw the prelude of what would happen in South Vietnam when the Communists entered the city of Hue last year. During their brief rule there, there was a bloody reign of terror in which 3000 civilians were clubbed, shot to death and buried in mass graves." I was touched by the President's mention of Hue, my home town. The 1968 Tet offensive took two victims in my own family: my younger brother, a noncommissioned officer in the ARVN and a published poet, and my nephew. They were both killed not by the Vietcong but by American bombings. They were buried in a temporary grave for the reason that Hue was under siege; nobody could get out of the area to buy a coffin for decent burial. The first news

I received from an official Saigon source was that my relatives were killed by the Vietcong. Only much later, when I got word from my own family, did I learn that they had been killed by the bombings. What happened in Hue is told in an account that appeared in *The Christian Century* of November 5, 1969. The author, Len E. Ackland, now a graduate student at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, worked and lived in Hue in 1967. He returned there after the Tet offensive of 1968 to interview the people (he speaks Vietnamese). He wrote: "When on the first day of the attack, about 20 Vietcong entered Gia Hoi (a precinct of 25,000 residents in Hue) in order to secure the area, they carried with them a list of those who were to be killed immediately as 'enemies of the people.' According to Le Ngan, director of Hue's special police, the list consisted of five names, all those of officers of special police." The Catholic priest in Gia Hoi told him that "none of his clergy or parishioners were harmed by the NLF."

When the 1968 Tet offensive started, I suggested to an acquaintance of mine whom I thought was close to the Saigon policy makers, that Hue should be declared an open city as was Rome during the Second World War, and for the same reasons. Had that been done, the loss in lives, the damage to historical sites and treasures would have been minimized. Instead of which, the ARVN (which disappeared at the first Vietcong shot) returned in force with the US Marines and planes to "destroy the city in order to save it." Hue authorities never explained why they failed to protect the people. Nor did they reveal the number of people killed by American bombings and artillery.

Few know the Vietcong better than Tran Van Dac, a Vietcong colonel who defected last year. In an interview published by the Joint US Public Affairs Office in Saigon, Tran Van Dac said: "If the Vietcong took over, they would send military officers and former civil servants to concentration camps to be reeducated, in some cases to hard labor until they become submissive. And of course, all those whose social class or former position makes them objects of suspicion would be carefully watched by the authorities. To me, the people of Vietnam and especially the peasants who have been militarily and politically trained in the last two decades by the revolutionaries would not be easily terrorized. They are tougher and much more sophisticated than their apparent apathy seems to indicate. In 1956, two years after the prestigious victory at Dien Bien Phu and the immense popularity of the late President Ho Chi Minh, the peasants in Nghe An, Ho Chi Minh's home province, revolted against the excesses of land reforms. President Ho Chi Minh admitted the mistakes publicly and took over the Secretary Generalship of the party to correct them."

If the reason for continuing the US military presence in South Vietnam is to prevent a bloodbath, then

the logical thing to aim for, *right now*, is a broad-based Saigon regime that includes Buddhists, whose nonviolent position has been always clear and consistent, the peace-minded generals such as Duong Van Minh (Big Minh) or Tran Van Don. That would be a *negotiating* government. The Thieu-Ky-Khiem regime is not only an obstacle to negotiations, but polarizes the situation among non-Communist elements as well. "Vietnamization," which attempts to consolidate Thieu's regime, simply increases the likelihood of reprisals.

Those who fear a Vietcong bloodbath ought to consider other possibilities too. What will happen, for example, to thousands of political prisoners (among them Truong Dinh Dzu, the runner-up in the 1967 elections and now condemned to five years at hard labor), if there is no negotiated settlement? Judging from many threats directed against the neutralists and the peace-minded by the Saigon regime, they would be liquidated by Thieu and his friends the day those leaders decided to quit the country. Thieu has already launched a campaign against his political opponents, accusing them of being Communists.

Or consider this: Senator Cranston (D, California), *Newsweek* and *Time* have referred to a Pentagon "contingency plan" to fight the South Vietnamese Army, should negotiations fail. This is not as absurd as it may seem. Anti-American feelings in the South have risen since the Paris talks. The "Vietnamization" program has brought into positions of command young ARVN officers, who, unlike the generals, have never been associated with the French army. They are products of the South Vietnamese military schools since 1954. They are now part of an anti-Communist army, but they are not anti-nationalist; they know what is going on among their leaders, the corruption and the ineffectiveness. I know of several cases where officers of the ARVN have been demoted because of their close connection with their American advisers. General Ky himself has tried to exploit this anti-American sentiment among young officers. More than once, he has said that if he had to choose again, he "would be on the side of Ho Chi Minh." The young majors and captains do not have money in foreign banks, they are not going to leave en masse after the Americans go home. But to stay with their people, they either have to find the way to accommodate with the "other side," or prove by their actions that they are as patriotic as the Vietcong. The best proof might be to fight the US "residual force." In June of this year, two US military police who had rushed to a bar in response to complaints that a drunken US soldier was making trouble were shot to death by Colonel Nguyen Viet Can, commander of the Vietnamese airborne battalion that guards the Independence Palace. No charge was filed against the colonel. As Mr. Kissinger again rightly notes: "The Vietnamese people have lived under for-

eign rule for approximately half of their history. They have maintained a remarkable cultural and social cohesion by being finely attuned to the realities of power." To many Vietnamese the realities of power since the Paris talks are shifting. An attack by the ARVN against the US troops would be the final blow.

Finally, President Thieu and the US Embassy in Saigon have claimed that the pacification program has been going extremely well, that the South Vietnamese government controls more than 80 percent of the population. If this were true, then over a million ARVN troops and US residual forces *could* stage a real bloodbath – against the Vietcong – after the war.

I do not sit in the inner councils of the NLF. I do not know the number of Vietnamese who may be victimized once US forces are withdrawn. But I am not persuaded that a bloodbath would take place if there were no US troops in Vietnam, or if the Vietcong took over. I agree, however, that if only dozens of Vietnamese might be killed in the post-withdrawal period, it is the moral duty of the American people and government to find the way to protect them. In the past, the Chinese invaders always took along with them those Vietnamese who cooperated with them, and provided them with good jobs in China. The French have also been hospitable to their Vietnamese friends. If fears of reprisals are the main concern of the Administration, as President Nixon has indicated, then several steps can be taken.

► Adopt Senator Charles E. Goodell's "Vietnam Disengagement Act." This would not only put a limit on the US commitment in Vietnam, but would create "a powerful incentive for that government [of South Vietnam] to mobilize its forces more effectively and to seek the political strength of a broadened popular

base," thus reducing the chance of wholesale reprisals.

► Support Senator George McGovern's suggestion and provide funds and means to resettle, either in continental America or in Hawaii, those Vietnamese who wish to leave the country at the departure of the US troops. A bipartisan congressional committee could be formed promptly to prepare evacuation plans. Journalists, politicians and others who have expressed concern about a possible bloodbath could be invited to contribute money and effort. The US can argue at the Paris talks (or better, at a reconvened Geneva Conference) for a period of regroupment exceeding the 300 days stipulated in the 1954 Geneva Agreements. As a resident of the US, being taxed without being represented, I would suggest that the US should ask its allies to share the burden. Perhaps some Vietnamese would like to settle in Thailand, in the Philippines, in South Korea, in New Zealand. Australia needs manpower, and if Canberra can send troops to fight for the "freedom" of the Vietnamese, the Australian Parliament can change its immigration laws to admit the colored Vietnamese.

► Give to the International Control Commission (ICC) temporary command of the last batch of US troops being withdrawn, thus guarding against their being assaulted by ARVN, NLF or Hanoi forces.

► Let the US insist on strengthening machinery to implement Article 14C of the 1954 Geneva Accords. 14C said that the parties to the agreement undertook "to refrain from any reprisals or discrimination against persons or organizations on account of their activities during the hostilities, and to guarantee their democratic liberties." These pledges are accepted in paragraph C of point 5 of the NLF 10-point program for the settlement of the war.

Two Views on the Regulation of Television

We Need the Pastore Bill

by Louis L. Jaffe

The critics of the Federal Communications Commission have been checkmated by Spiro Agnew. Now that he has appropriated their concepts and their terminology – for example, that irrelevance, "the public's airwaves" – they may be compelled to consider the implications of their thinking. For years they

have refused to face the problems involved in their demand for government regulation of the *quality* of broadcasting. They have simply ignored the arguments against it and the procedural proposals for implementing it. The most recent example is their hosannas for the fatuous decision of an FCC rump (three out of

seven commissioners voting affirmative and one negative) in the Boston WHDH case and their outraged denunciations of the Pastore bill.

In WHDH the Commission, overturning its practice of decades—a practice upon which the economics of the broadcasting industry has been built—decided that a broadcaster's license would be up for grabs every three years! It is true that the Communication Act of 1934 as it was drafted would support such a reading—licenses are renewable every three years. But the understanding of Congress manifested in many ways and the consistent practice of the Commission has been that if a licensee behaved itself it would be renewed. In WHDH there was no finding that the licensee had misbehaved or that its programs were deficient; simply a determination that a competing applicant was preferable because WHDH was owned by a newspaper and it was not. The objective of diversifying the media is absolutely sound, and in an initial contest for a license there is a valid basis for preferring an independent to a newspaper-owned applicant. (WHDH could have been decided on the basis that it was in fact an initial licensing proceeding. The Commission has since indicated that the case is a special one not to be taken broadly. Arguably, this makes the Pastore bill unnecessary.) But to license a newspaper-owned broadcaster and then after the investment is made to forfeit it to a newcomer is inexcusable. It is inequitable and functionally unsound. The obvious riposte was the Pastore bill, which provides that if a licensee has fulfilled its obligations it is entitled to be renewed.

Yet *The New York Times* and *The New Republic* ("Pastore's Pet," October 25, 1969) have denounced the Pastore bill. They have resorted to the amazing analogy of an election for public office. An officer must run for reelection, they ask, why not a broadcaster? And why not the *New York Times* or *The New Republic*? Scribners? the theaters? the moving picture houses? Oh, but the broadcasters are using the "public airwaves." Well, *The New Republic* is using the public's mail with its second-class mailing privilege. However, the whole argument is irrelevant. The function of broadcasting is communication and the question is whether a communication industry financed by private capital can be run on a three-year basis. Once the question is asked it appears to be almost rhetorical.

We may have to face the irony that *what we now need is precisely something like the Pastore bill*. That bill forbids the Commission to consider new applicants unless it first finds that the present licensee has failed to measure up to its responsibilities; the Commission is required to pinpoint the licensee's failures. Without such a bill, the licensee must compete with new appli-

cants, so that he can be defeated on a merely comparative basis. His rival may freely improvise what is needed to establish that his future performance will be superior. Thus, the Commission would have an easy opening for censoring the licensee and keeping him in constant terror.

But there still remains the question whether whatever the sanctions, the *quality* of broadcasting can and should be controlled by government. For example, Thomas Hoving, chairman of the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, has greeted WHDH as an entrée for improving the quality of television. It may be possible to isolate cases of particularly outrageous exploitation of sex and violence. A trial examiner of the FCC has indeed recently refused to recommend the renewal of a Los Angeles station. That station day after day has shown motion pictures of the most nauseating character deliberately beamed to the whole family. Yet we are all aware of the basic difficulties of judgment in this area, and of the near impossibility of developing objective standards, particularly of positive quality. And Mr. Agnew's performance should help those who to date have chosen to ignore the problem, to face up to it. Do they really want the bureaucrats of the FCC judging programs?

Is there then no role for government in the improvement of broadcasting? Possibly not a great role but there is a role, and it is better to understand what it may be, rather than to demand what is dangerous or impossible.

Spiro Agnew and FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson are agreed on one thing—the high degree of control in the broadcasting industry. Much of this is unavoidable as long as the networks serve significant and valuable functions in newsgathering and expensive entertainment formats. But there are possible ways of reducing network power and of reducing multiple ownerships of the broadcast licenses. We can encourage CATV—the present policy of the FCC is moving in that direction—and of other technical innovations. CATV may solve the scarcity problem; it brings signals into the home by cable rather than over the air and thus could expand enormously the number of channels available. We can maintain competition in these developing areas. We can, in short, seek to promote more competition and more voices in the communications industry.

What about programming responsibility? We cannot do much about quality but we can lay down rules requiring stated minimum amounts of public service programming. Professor Hyman Goldin is proposing a requirement of a certain amount per week, in prime time, of public service programs by the networks. A recent proposal suggests that advertising during children's programs be severely limited. More generally, maximum advertising standards could be established

PROFESSOR JAFFE teaches administrative law at the Harvard Law School.

and perhaps the FCC could devise and police a more general definition of excessive commercialism.

This does not exhaust the potentialities of useful government control. But beyond government regulation, we can subject broadcasters to continuous surveillance and criticism. We can encourage the local publics to participate in renewal proceedings, as indeed some of them, particularly the blacks, are now doing. But ultimately there is a limit. We have committed broadcasting to an industry financed by advertising. It is, then, an essentially popular, mass-audience medium. CATV, public and educational broadcasting can provide something for elite audiences as commercial broadcasting does now in its news, sports, occasional public service programs and sometimes high-level entertainment (*vide, Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vladimir Horowitz). It is encouraging that recently public and educational television is substantially increasing its appeal; polls show that four out of every 10 households watch it. Anthony Lewis recently noted that even in England—half commercial, half public TV—programming is becoming more and more “popular.” As long as the masses support TV by taxes or advertising revenue, it is idle to expect it to be much different from what it is today. We should strive for improvement and for diversification within the limits of the possible.

No, We Don't

by Nicholas Johnson

Few men have contributed as much scholarship and creativity to the field of administrative law as my friend and former colleague in this vineyard, Professor Louis L. Jaffe. It is, therefore, with considerable hesitation that I respond to *The New Republic's* request that I “answer” his article.

There is much in Professor Jaffe's argument with which I agree. I agree that there is a “role for government in the improvement of broadcasting”; that “the objective of diversifying the media is absolutely sound”; that “there are possible ways of reducing network power and of reducing multiple ownerships of the broadcast licenses.” I agree that “we can encourage CATV . . . [and] promote more competition and more voices.” I of course agree that “we should strive for improvement and for diversification within the limits of the possible.” I agree that “we cannot do much about quality,” that we do not “want the bureaucrats of the FCC judging programs,” but that “we can lay down rules requiring stated minimum amounts of public ser-

vice programming”—including network “prime time . . . public service programs.” I agree that “public and educational broadcasting can provide something” in addition to commercial fare. I agree that “maximum advertising standards could be established,” and that “advertising during children's programs [should] be severely limited.” I agree that “local publics” should be permitted (he says “encouraged”) “to participate in renewal proceedings.”

I most emphatically disagree, however, that “*what we now need is precisely something like the Pastore Bill.*” Let's begin with a few basics.

Virtually every country in the world treats broadcasting as an activity possessed of unique public responsibilities. In many places—Scandinavia among them—all stations are owned and programmed by an agency of government or a public corporation. Other countries have supplemented their public broadcasting facilities with the competition of privately owned, commercial stations (subject to government regulation). Japan is an example. When England supplemented its world-famous BBC service with “Independent Television,” the new stations continued to be publicly owned. They are merely programmed, during portions of the week, by various programming companies licensed for fixed terms by the Independent Television Authority (ITA). (Unlike the Federal Communications Commission, the ITA has been quite freely encouraging competition by refusing to renew some companies' authority.)

These special responsibilities of broadcasters are based upon a number of considerations. (1) Only one broadcast signal can operate on a given frequency, at a fixed time and place; some rules are necessary. (2) Presumably the rules could have been evolved by courts (as we regulate the use of air space for buildings and other purposes); but it has been generally conceded that administrative regulation of some kind seems to have worked better. (3) There tends to be a much greater demand for broadcast stations than the supply. This is due in part to the technological limits upon the number of stations in a given advertising market, and the resultant opportunity for monopoly or oligopoly profits. (4) Most countries have concluded that it is inappropriate to permit the “homesteading” of this public resource through ownership from use. They have, instead, utilized public licensing when private use is permitted at all. (5) They also recognize the awesome potential of such a powerful instrument of enlightenment or propaganda to do a nation's people good or ill. They recognize that in any country in which public opinion is relevant to public policy, the power of those who control the mass media is far greater than that of elected officials. (6) Most countries have not limited profits, or exacted significant fees, for the use of frequencies. They have, instead, established some minimal standards of fair play and insisted that

the public be repaid through public service programming; service above and beyond what profit-maximizing in the marketplace would produce.

Such concerns and standards have their analog in the history of broadcast regulation in the United States. During the debates on the Radio Act of 1927, and the Communications Act of 1934, fears were often expressed that (as Congressman Johnson put it in 1927) "American thought and American politics will be largely at the mercy of those who operate these stations." A six-month license term was originally specified. Later (as the industry gained political power) this was extended to one year and then three years. (Recently the industry has been urging – and former FCC Chairman Hyde supported – a five year term.) Even the National Association of Broadcasters acknowledged in the early years that: "It is the manifest duty of the licensing authority in passing upon applications for licenses or the renewal thereof, to determine whether or not the applicant is rendering or can render an adequate public service. Such service necessarily includes broadcasting of a considerable proportion of programs devoted to education, religion, labor, agricultural, and similar activities concerned with human betterment." The FCC was established as the people's representative to see to it that the licenses would, indeed, "render adequate public service."

For a variety of reasons the system hasn't worked. As in so many other instances of government "regulation" of an industry, the FCC has performed as the ally of the broadcasters in every light skirmish with the public. The FCC once decided that a radio station with more than 30 minutes of commercials per hour was serving the public interest. It approved the renewal of a station that quite candidly reported it proposed to program no news, and no public affairs. It first refused public participation, and then ignored protests about racist programming from a station in Mississippi – only to be roundly reversed, repeatedly, by the United States Court of Appeals. Seldom has the FCC found even the most exclusive monopoly control of the mass media to violate the public interest – notwithstanding the vigorous protests of the Antitrust Division of the United States Department of Justice. It examined the record of a station guilty of bilking advertisers out of \$6000 in fraudulent transactions – while on a one-year, probationary status for similar offenses earlier – and found that the station had, nonetheless, "minimally met the public interest standard." And recently the Commission showed its reluctance to enforce even its technical and business standards, when it refused to consider license revocation for a licensee who had

been charged with not paying his employees, stealing news, ordering his engineer to make fraudulent entries in the station's logbook, operating with an improperly licensed engineer and 87 other technical violations over a three-year period. Despite the questions raised about technical operation, the extent of licensee control, and financial qualifications, the Commission decided to keep the licensee in business.

The broadcasters, meanwhile, look at this record of FCC performance and are concerned that the standards have been too onerous. They certainly have never, to my knowledge, complained that the kind of intellectually corrupt decisions just mentioned are as much of a disservice to the industry as to the public – as I believe to be the case. The industry has for decades deluded itself into believing, as National Association of Broadcasters Chairman Willard Walbridge put it on "Face the Nation" the other day, that "the public says that the programming is fine . . . that they like broadcasting pretty much the way it is."

This refusal to face facts has been, in my judgment, the greatest single handicap broadcasters confront. It is a blind spot that has been created and purveyed to the great profit of the broadcasting sub-government in Washington (*Broadcasting* magazine's full page ads and collection of downtown real estate; the NAB's rising dues, lobbying funds, handsome expense accounts, and new multi-million-dollar building). But it has led the broadcasters themselves – jovial, prosperous, martini in hand – down a jungle road into the largest ambush from an outraged citizenry ever confronted by an American industry.

I have been warning broadcasters since I came on the Commission in 1966 that they were going to pay a very severe price for ignoring the rising chorus of complaints from their audience. A growing minority of responsible broadcasters have responded. They recognize their obligations, and their problems, and are trying to reform. But an uncomfortably large number still practice haughty, arrogant disregard of public, critics, government, professional standards – everything, indeed, but ever-escalating profits.

Virtually every aspect of television is under attack from some quarter. Television does to your mind what cotton candy does to your body. It attracts your attention, makes you want it, and then leaves you with nothing but an empty feeling and a toothache. The resulting frustration and anger are manifest in many ways. Some people are concerned about the violence on television. (They include the Eisenhower Commission on Violence; the chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Communications, Senator Pastore; the Surgeon General; and the National Institute of Mental Health – along with thousands of scholars and parents.) Some complain about television's impact upon our moral values, the obscenity and so forth. Some

COMMISSIONER JOHNSON, taught administrative law at the University of California (Berkeley) Law School. He was appointed to a seven-year term on the Federal Communications Commission, beginning July 1, 1966.

believe the newsmen are biased – either for the establishment (Abbie Hoffman) or against it (Vice President Agnew). Blacks complain about the failure of the media to serve their needs and interests (picket signs read, “Soul Music Is Not Enough”), and to employ qualified minority group members (the industry’s record is one of the worst in American business – the Department of Justice, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the Community Relations Service are all concerned). Mothers are angered by the lack (or impact) of children’s programming and commercials. (Action for Children’s Television recently picketed WHDH in Boston for cancelling part of “Captain Kangaroo.”) Action on Smoking and Health is attempting to enforce the fairness doctrine requirement that stations carry anti-smoking spots – something the FCC refuses to do. (Broadcasters argued to the Supreme Court that the requirement violated their First Amendment “right” to keep information about health hazards from their audience. They did not prevail.) Local groups in Atlanta, Chicago and Seattle protested the loss of classical music from radio. My mail comes from all age groups, all educational and economic levels, all sections of the country, and all positions on the political spectrum. That television needs some improvement, and that the profiteers of the public airwaves are not living up to their responsibilities, are propositions for which Agnew’s army and the “effete intellectual snobs” march arm in arm.

What the people have discovered during the past few years is that writing letters – to advertisers, networks, stations, and FCC – while helpful, is not enough. Looking about for alternative remedies – short of bombing the RCA building – they have seized upon “the fairness doctrine” and the license renewal process.

The requirements of the fairness doctrine are loose. It does not require the presentation of any particular spokesman. It only requires that a broadcaster be “fair” in his presentation of all points of view on controversial issues of public importance. If not, any citizen can file a “fairness complaint” with the FCC. The complaint must be acted upon. If it is accepted, the broadcaster – and all others like him – must present the omitted point of view. If rejected, the complaining citizen can appeal to the United States Court of Appeals and ask that the FCC ruling be reversed.

But many complaints are not covered by the fairness doctrine: minimal quantities of local programming, excessive commercialization, failure to carry network documentaries, and so forth. And citizens unwilling to have their legitimate protests treated like junk mail soon found relief in the FCC’s license renewal process.

In 1927 and 1934 the Congress purposefully provided that an FCC license would only be “for the use . . . but not the ownership” of the assigned frequency. The license would be for a term. After that

term the FCC could refuse to renew; it could grant the license to another party. The licensee’s relation to the government was to be very much like that of a highway contractor – he is free to bid against others for an extension of the profitable relationship, but he is not entitled to an additional term as of right. The US Court of Appeals has said he must, like a public official, literally “run on his record” – an analogy Professor Jaffe professes to find “amazing.”

All that is different today from thirty years ago is that citizens’ groups all across the country have dusted off this old legal machinery, found the “push-to-start” button, and have begun to make it work as Congress intended. License renewal challenges are now pending in New York, Los Angeles, Boston – and other cities. It is not, as Professor Jaffe says, that the Commission has recently come up with a whimsical decision “that a broadcaster’s license would be up for grabs every three years!” It is rather, as he goes on to explain, “that the Communications Act of 1934 as it was drafted would support such a reading.”

The broadcasting industry’s response has been to say, in effect, that “all these public rights were acceptable so long as no one knew about them or used them; now that they do we must have some protection.” It is rather like a businessman supporting the theory of small claims court until claims are filed against him.

In fact the broadcasting industry, and Professor Jaffe, are premature in their concern. For all the talk, the FCC has yet to transfer a single license from a broadcaster to a protesting group because of poor programming performance. (WHDH is easily distinguishable, as the Commission pointed out in a subsequent opinion, and as Professor Jaffe knows. KHJ has not yet been decided by the Commission. WLBT is still on remand from the court. The other cases are in various stages of development.)

There are 7500 stations in this country. All the licenses in a given state come up for renewal at the same time. With three-year terms, this means roughly 2500 a year. Even if the FCC were to take away two or three licenses a year – something it has yet to do during its 42-year history – we would still be providing rubber stamp renewals to 99.9 percent of the stations. Professor Jaffe poses the question “whether a communication industry financed by private capital can be run on a three-year basis.” Given an industry-wide average 100 percent rate of return annually on depreciated tangible investment, and a 99.9 percent (or better) probability of license renewal, I would agree with Professor Jaffe that “once the question is asked it appears to be almost rhetorical.” At the least, it is scarcely grounds for Professor Jaffe’s concern that the “Commission will have an easy opening for censoring the licensee and keeping him in constant terror.” (The Commission has repeatedly made clear its unanimous position that it will not second-guess its licensee’s

programming content, whether Democrats complain about coverage of the 1968 Convention, or Republicans complain about comments following President Nixon's November 3 Vietnam speech.)

The Pastore bill is a three sentence bill. It provides, in pertinent part, that "... the Commission ... may not consider the application of any other person for the facilities for which renewal is sought. ... If the Commission determines ... that a grant ... would not be in the public interest ... applications ... by other parties may then be accepted. ..." In short, the Commission would be precluded by law from accepting the assistance of the people with the greatest incentive to evaluate whether "a grant ... would not be in the public interest" – namely, those who stand to gain economically by obtaining the station if they can convince the FCC the broadcaster's license should not be renewed.

Let us assume for a moment that there may be a kernel of legitimate concern buried beneath the broadcasting industry's pile of propaganda, irresponsibility, public relations, arrogance, greed, political power, and general confusion. Let us assume that there are responsible broadcasters with a spectacular record of local and public-service programming who are frightened because any disgruntled member of their audience can throw them into a burdensome and expensive hearing. Let's say they believe that during that hearing their performance will be measured against standards that have never been articulated.

In the first place, the outstanding broadcaster has little to fear. He knows the people of his community and they know him. He heads off legitimate complaints before they become serious. He is seeking out representatives from all segments of his audience, including potential protestors, even more than they are looking for him. He knows such an approach is just good, audience-building business – as well as public service. Any group seriously looking for a license to challenge is going to go after the station with the lousiest record in town, not his station. In the second place, there is no reason why the FCC need hold long, useless, harassing hearings. Administrative practice is flexible enough to permit the FCC to draft hearing issues tightly, and to use informal pre-hearing procedures, to enable the frivolous cases to be disposed of quickly. (In fact, the most innovative current development has been the negotiated "settlements" in Texarkana and Rochester between outraged citizens and local broadcasters. Renewal hearings were contemplated, and then dropped, in exchange for concessions by the stations. This innovative means of self help involved little burden on the broadcaster.) Finally, if anyone in or out of the industry is seriously interested in helping to draft standards for the comparative evaluation of stations' license renewal their contribution will be most wel-

come. So far Commissioner Cox and I have been unable to pick up a single additional vote for the proposition that stations proposing less than one percent public affairs programming ought to be asked why they believe that serves the interests of their local community! We have followed that with our book-length studies, and proposed standards, in the Oklahoma, New York, and now Mid-Atlantic renewals. Some standards were suggested by Professor Jaffe (which we have been using for some time in slightly altered form). As he quite correctly points out, the fact that it is virtually impossible to evaluate quantitatively the quality of a given program does not mean that it is impossible to evaluate the programming performance of a broadcaster.

We can all look forward, with Professor Jaffe, to a day when there is greater diversity and competition in the audio and visual programming product. The Public Broadcasting Corporation, subscription television, cable television, direct satellite-to-home broadcasting, common carrier channels, standards for "public access" to the mass media in accordance with the Supreme Court's *Red Lion* decision, FM and UHF station development, more educational stations, community supported stations like Pacifica, home access to audio and video libraries of programs, home video recorders, and tape and disc players – all these developments, and more, hold out hope for the future. If the totality of the broadcasters' product were truly offered to the audience as magazines are today – subscriptions, newsstand sales, and libraries – much, if not all, of the need for program performance regulation would vanish. But that day is not yet here. It is not even near. And until it is we are left with the contrast between the intention of the drafters of the 1927 and 1934 Acts and the current practice of the FCC and the broadcasting industry.

The FCC has demonstrated conclusively, for all to see, its inability to serve the public interest without the active participation of public groups. Chief Justice Burger knew this, and said as much in the first *United Church of Christ* case (involving WLBT in Jackson, Mississippi). The broadcasters know it; they are much more comfortable with their friends at the FCC than when confronting their hostile audience. Senator Pastore and Professor Jaffe ought to know it.

The broadcasting lobbyists, Senator Pastore, Professor Jaffe, and other supporters of S. 2004 ought to know that, after the rhetoric is cut away, the net effect of the Pastore Bill will be to remove from the people the only thin small reed to which they now cling in their self-defensive struggle against the combined force of the broadcasting industry and the FCC. They ought to know that its passage will leave a frustrated people with no recourse, except to engage in more violent protests and other actions that serve the interests of no one.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here

(Universal)

This film, written and directed by Abraham Polonsky, is his second. His first, *Force of Evil*, was made in 1949. For almost twenty years his film career has been in the deep freeze because of political blacklisting. In that time Polonsky has written a novel and (presumably pseudonymous) film and TV scripts; and in that time *Force of Evil* has acquired some fervent admirers. (I saw it only once, when it came out, and remember liking it.) It was adapted from *Tucker's People* by Ira Wolfert, a long, grinding novel of some eventual power that deals with crime and business and their relation. As Chester Eisinger writes of the book, "The indictment of the business ethic is most tellingly seen in the identification of legal and illegal business enterprises which . . . operate on the same premises and toward the same end." Wolfert collaborated on the screen adaptation.

Polonsky's chief film work previously had been the original screenplay for *Body and Soul*, directed by Robert Rossen. Both *Body and Soul* and *Force of Evil* starred John Garfield. The subjects, sport-as-brutal-business and large-scale urban crime—together with the flavor of Garfield—typified a phenomenon of the time: the confrontation of the child of Jewish immigrants with the American metropolis, the fascination and horror of the power-hive and the human grist-mill, combined with the discovery of a vast new arena in which to exercise the perennial Jewish passion for social justice.

The last twenty years have been so tumultuous that one is prepared for an exile to come back utterly outdated or strenuously updated. The surprise in Polonsky's new film is that it is neither one nor the other but contains modified elements of both.

He has shifted ground visually and symbolically, but his perspectives remain much the same. Like other writ-

ers and film-makers with other interests, he has seen in the American West a theater of metaphoric possibilities. His screenplay, from a book by Harry Lawton, is based on the true story of a young Paiute Indian called Willie Boy who returns to his California reservation in 1909 after some months of work elsewhere and takes up again with a Paiute girl whom he loves. They tried to run away once before, but her father stopped them. (His objection to Willie is unspecified.) Now the father tells Willie that he will kill him if the boy comes near his daughter. That night the lovers have a rendezvous, are surprised by the father and the girl's brothers, and in self-defense Willie kills the father. He and the girl flee on foot. All this would not have amounted to much in the ordinary course of things. As Willie says to the girl, "They won't catch us. They won't even try. Nobody gives a damn what Indians do." But by coincidence President Taft is touring that part of California at the time, and memories of the assassination of McKinley raise nervousness about a murderer on the loose in the Presidential vicinity. (Plus the fact that the local authorities want to look good while the national spotlight is on the area.) So a posse, including three Indian policemen, sets out after the lovers. (The sheriff, in a Joyce-cum-cinema pun, is called Cooper.)

It is immediately clear how such a story, lying in wait in US history as Jack Johnson's story did for Howard Sackler, would spark a man of Polonsky's temperament. It is almost a made-to-order parable on themes of racial prejudice, white guilt transmuted to aggression, Lawrentian blood-life pitted against legally sanctified bloodlust, and the specter of capitalist-militarist society lurking in the ample shadow of President Taft. And the shape of the story—a chase through the California mountains, an arrow-flight from impulsion to death—is quintessentially cinematic.

As for the last—the sheerly filmic qualities of *Willie Boy*—Polonsky has done superbly. He has "seen" his film beforehand, which in itself is not commonplace, and has realized exquisitely what he envisioned. Conrad Hall, who did the outstanding black-and-white photography of *In Cold Blood*, has provided color photography that is above the generally high current American standard; Melvin Shapiro's

editing is acute; and, with them, Polonsky has created a film of fine fabric. I disliked the music of Dave Grusin—a basically syrupy mind trying to be modern and tart—but almost everything that was done after the script and casting were finished is admirable. Polonsky uses some melodramatic visual contrasts—deep night followed by a shot of bright sun so that we actually blink at the glare in the movie theater—but his images of both are so pithy that the melodrama is tempered. Some of his compositions are derivative—the first shot of the isolated railroad station suggests the famous long-shot of the homestead in Stevens' *Giant*—but there is a spanking impact in them that gives them validity. Polonsky has used the Panavision screen for its "loud" and "soft" best. There is a wide shot of the posse searching a ford for tracks that in itself says something of nature as refuge and enemy. And there is unusual deftness in the close two-shots and three-shots on the stretchy Panavision screen. One scene between the sheriff and his lady-friend, shot under the enormous brim of her fancy hat, embodies the very idea of the close-up: larger but figuratively smaller, more intimate and private.

Several of the performances are very good. Robert Blake, the Perry Smith of *In Cold Blood*, is Willie Boy and comes on taut and seamless, ensealed in Willie's experience and expectations. He knows the world he lives in and is ready, his compact body like a small mobile fortress. Robert Redford, the sheriff, achieves here what he missed in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, a performance completely within the film, devoid of references to extrinsic all-American boyish appeal. Susan Clark, as the Eastern young lady-doctor in charge of the reservation, has sufficient dignity and credible sexual susceptibility.

But then we come to what we might call (on the basis of *Medium Cool*) the Haskell Wexler touches: the falsities in a film dedicated to anti-falseness. Who can believe Katharine Ross—of *The Graduate* and *Butch Cassidy*—as the Indian girl? Miss Ross plays it adequately, but she looks like a Bryn Mawr girl after a month in Hawaii. Who can believe that this Indian girl, going to a secret rendezvous with her lover and knowing that his life is in danger, would wear a white dress? Just because it looks good in the low-key

(Continued on page 32)

James Finn: Relevant Beasts

The Book of Imaginary Beings by Jorge Luis Borges with Margarita Guerrero

Enlarged and translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni (in collaboration with the author).
(E. P. Dutton; \$6.95)

A bestiary by Borges! What promise the concept holds. There are few books that could excite such pleasant anticipations. A bestiary furnished by the imagination would seem a totally appropriate undertaking for this prolific creator of logical fantasies. This book is, however, quite different from what a reader of Borges would expect. For what we have here is less the product of Borges' imagination than of his industry and his vast reading. He has, with collaborative help, combed libraries in order to seek out the original sources for the animals in this zoo—the stories, myths, and legends of world literature—and has provided comparisons where possible and brief commentary. No reader of Borges will be surprised that the range of literatures drawn upon is impressive, including medieval Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, English and various Eastern languages.

The history of the book is of some interest. A first edition containing eighty-two pieces was published in Mexico in 1957 with the title *Handbook of Fantastic Zoology*. Ten years later a second enlarged edition was published in Buenos Aires under the title *The Book of Imaginary Beings*. Now, under the same title with additions which bring the total number of pieces to 120, this third edition appears in English. The number of pieces, which range in length from several sentences to several pages, commands attention, for the book is obviously the work of years and yet the selections are few. Is the imagination which lends itself to the creation of these mythic beings so limited? Apparently so, for in the several prefaces from which I have drawn much of the preceding information Borges, aware that the question is inevitable, responds: "Anyone looking into the pages of the present handbook will soon find out that the zoology of dreams is far

poorer than the zoology of the Maker." Amen. Amen.

The book has, nevertheless, charms of its own. It is a book for browsing and I have found myself developing, in the short time that I have had the book, a special fondness for some of the creatures. For example:

"The sphere is the most uniform of solid bodies since every point on its surface is equidistant from its center. Because of this, and because of its ability to revolve on an axis without straying from a fixed place, Plato (*Timaeus*, 33) approved the judgment of the Demiurge, who gave the world a spherical shape. . . . In Alexandria over five hundred years later, Origen, one of the Fathers of the Church, taught that the blessed would come

back to life in the form of spheres and would enter rolling into Heaven."

And the animal of whom it is written "Its coat is white, its food is spiritual and its whole being is righteous" remains compelling to me even though it is the Ass with Three Legs. Each reader will find his own favorites in this compilation of "useless and out-of-the-way erudition." The idea of the bestiary's uselessness, of its completely non-utilitarian nature, enhances the pleasures of idle browsing.

Still, not completely useless or unilluminating. I have done my browsing in the weeks of the Moratorium and the fumbings of Spiro Agnew, the Mobilization and the denunciations of Attorney General Mitchell. This book should have been and, in fact was, a respite

Mid Season Sonnet

Although
sleek bottomed winter glares on each thing
we cherish, and diabolically sings
the very cruelty of the ground, frozen
from us, on your birthday our hearts (a dozen
magic marigold, hot orange) thaw.

I do
consequently swear, you-less-than-old
I more, by that amazed moon mounts cold
tonight's heroic sky, burnishing gold
our least marvelling cries, that loved, do
and shall

I love you, should blue jays no longer caw,
deer forget to leap and I no more
breathe in my forsaken body

until
our fluttering tongues cease knowing
the excited dance which hoaxes death, coaxes growing.

DACHINE RAINER

from the central, sad event which remains the wellspring of these and other eruptions in our national life. Yet with my mind fixed on Washington some of the beasts imagined by men long dead took on modern hues and colors.

The American Pinnacle Grouse, for example, "had a single wing. This enabled it to fly in one direction only, circling the top of a conical hill. The color of its plumage varied according to the season and according to the condition of the observer." And there is the Remora, commented on by Pliny and Aristotle, the sucking fish that clings to the sides of ships. Of this fish a seventeenth-century Spanish writer commented, "The mightiest power does not always prevail. A ship may be detained by a small remora." Sometimes, however, it is clear that while there is a message for us the message itself is not clear. For example: "Chuang Tzu tells us of a determined man who, at the end of three thankless years, mastered the art of slaying Dragons and for the rest of his days was not given a single chance to put his art into practice."

Is it unfair to make such uses of the work of a man who has in his own

terms devoted his life "to literature and, occasionally, to metaphysical perplexity," a man whose search is for the aesthetic reality? I think not, especially if such musings are done in the context of Borges' other work.

Martin Buber said that "the task of the imagination is to imagine the real." When we enter the worlds of Borges we encounter the great systems of thought, religious or philosophical, by which men have attempted to comprehend reality, systems of thought with which we have coped or of which we have heard, but here presented for their esthetic value. This approach to reality, we are shown, is beauty, and

this too, and also *this*. And, following Borges, we are led to ask his subversive questions, e.g., who can tell the dreamer from the dream? Emerging from Borges' cosmologies we are yet able to relate their strangeness to the strangeness of our quotidian perceptions.

But the final sanction for relating, say, the fabled remora to Vietnam is provided by Borges who said that a tendency of his writing is "to presuppose (and to verify) that the number of fables or metaphors of which men's imagination is capable is limited, but that these few inventions can be all things for all men, like the Apostle."

Morton H. Halperin Inside Out

High on Foggy Bottom by Charles Frankel

Harper & Row, \$6.95

What happens to an in-and-outer the first time he comes in? In this sometimes amusing, sometimes serious account of his experiences as Assistant Secretary of State for Cultural Affairs in the Johnson Administration, Columbia professor Charles Frankel tells us. He learns a fundamental law: "Whatever happens in government could have happened differently, and it usually would have been better if it had." And a corollary: "Once things have happened, no matter how accidentally, they will be regarded as manifestations of an unchangeable Higher Reason." Anyone who has tried to change anything in the bureaucracy will sympathize, as he will with Professor Frankel's discussion of inside information. "I used to imagine," he writes, "when the government took actions I found inexplicable, that it had information I didn't have. But after I had served in the government for some months, I found that the issue was more complex: often the government does know something that

people on the outside don't, but it's something that isn't so."

Unfortunately, this casual memoir is also instructive about the ways bureaucracy can hoodwink senior newcomers. To take a trivial example, Frankel reports that his first act was accepting the word of a secretary in his outer office that she came with the job, never realizing that Assistant Secretaries can hire their own personal staffs. More important, he reports that his first conversation with Dean Rusk occurred *after* the White House announcement of his appointment; he didn't know he had violated an iron rule—negotiate your mandate and prerogatives with your boss *before* accepting a position. (Frankel's negotiations were all with Senator Fulbright and some members of the White House staff.) The visiting professor also fell victim to believing that if he got the President to say something in a speech people would, or should, act upon it. The book is full of tales of his seeking to get things done, that the

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—Ernest Gruening,
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President said in a speech would be done. It is not surprising that he should have tried. That he is indignant because the President and the bureaucracy were unresponsive is noteworthy.

In the end the book is dominated, as was Frankel's stay in the government, by Vietnam. From the start he had his misgivings about the war, and as his story progresses there is more and more concern with Vietnam and the adverse impact he felt it was having on the government as a whole, and in particular on the budget and programs of the Bureau of Cultural Affairs. His colleagues in the Bureau must have been discouraged if they realized, as he reports, that he was using most of his opportunities for conversation with the Secretary of State and with White House officials to explain his opposition to the war. It is hard to know what Professor Frankel thought he was accomplishing, other than satisfying his own conscience. Clearly neither cultural affairs nor our Vietnam policy were helped by his interventions. After two-and-a-half years on the job, in November of 1967, he decided to call it quits because, he says, it was no longer fun and the war weighed on his conscience. A rumor leaks out that he is quitting over disagreement about the war. He reports proudly his resistance to pressures, even from the White House, to deny this rumor; but he apparently does not feel any compulsion to confirm the rumor or to speak out publicly on the war.

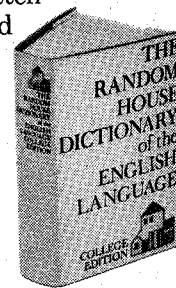
Among the many anomalies of our tragic involvement in Vietnam is the fact that not a single official resigned from the government while denouncing the war. As Frankel makes clear, there were many in the government who did oppose the policy; but somehow the process of socialization to the norms of the bureaucratic game assured that those who chose to go went quietly. Whether the evolution of our policy would have been different had more chosen to go, and done so publicly, is one of many questions for the historians. Meanwhile, the reader who can skip over Professor Frankel's sermons on the importance of cultural affairs and his agony over Vietnam will be rewarded with an amusing, at times insightful, and all too rare look into the day-to-day life of an Assistant Secretary on the banks of the Potomac.

What is John O'Hara reading?

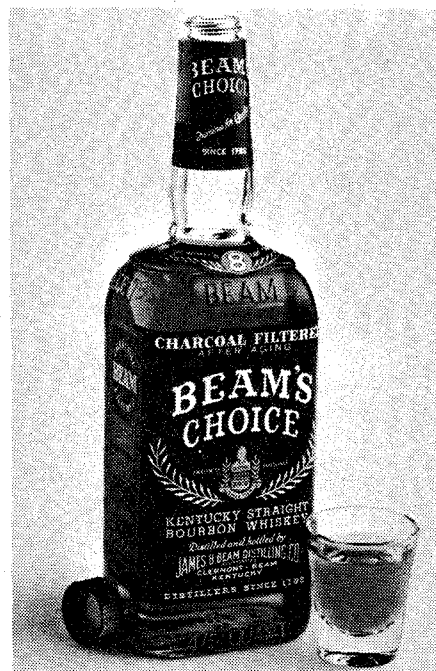
One of the books John O'Hara reads is our dictionary. *The Random House College Dictionary*. It has more definitions of words than any other desk-size dictionary, old or new. Maybe that's why Mr. O'Hara uses it. *The Random House College Dictionary*. \$6.95 (\$7.95 thumb indexed.)

If you want to read John O'Hara, his newest book is *The O'Hara Generation*, a collection of stories written between 1935-1966. O'Hara is one of the undisputed masters of the short story, and this new book contains twenty-two of his most brilliant gems.

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Alfred A. Knopf 



Don McDonagh: Movement Itself

Changes: Notes on Choreography
by Merce Cunningham

(Something Else Press; \$8.95)

Merce Cunningham has not so much written a book as choreographed an energy field of words firing out in all directions and feeding back upon themselves. The words sometimes begin at the bottom of the page and head upward, and at other times take off on an excited diagonal. There are no page numbers, no index, no table of contents. Illustrations are scattered throughout the book, which is printed in color when appropriate; handwriting and marginal comments are photographically reproduced from notebooks whenever needed; and some of the collage effects make parts of the text unreadable. It is a typographical horror, which would win the book trade's last place award hands down, and it is exactly what Cunningham wants. He has created a whirlwind of prose that jolts readers out of their habitual reading stance as effectively as his choreography commands viewers' attention.

He has spent his life in the pursuit of the unfettered direct dance experience, but first he had to free himself from the hallowed narrative form that Martha Graham had forged from myth and ritual. As he observed, "The logic of one event coming as responsive to another seems inadequate now. We look at and listen to several at once. For dancing it was all those words about meaning which got in the way. Right now they are broken up; they do not quite fit, we have to shuffle and deal them out again." It is a curious footnote of modern dance history that two of the most distinguished companies, Graham's and Cunningham's, achieved their successes by exactly opposite means. Graham has bent all of her collaborators to suit her choreography, and Cunningham hardly confers with his except to agree on the general "climate" of the piece and its duration. The Cunningham company goes so far to maintain the independence of the collaborators that the separate parts of the theatrical meld are referred

to independently as the dance repertory, the music repertory and the decor repertory.

During his years with the Graham company, Cunningham acquired a taste for original scores and decors for dance. Though he did not find Graham's narrative sensibility satisfying, he did appreciate the measure of independence she sought for dance by her progressive refusal to work with existing musical scores rather than commissioning her own. Later, when he left the company, Cunningham asked Graham designers Charlotte Trowbridge and Isamu Noguchi to provide him with designs for some of his early pieces.

Cunningham came to Graham after a summer course at Bennington College before WW II and remained with her for five years. Bennington was a great source of dancers for Graham, and Cunningham was one of her most brilliant choices. It was inevitable that he would eventually tire of the Graham repertory and decide to strike out on his own. In the choreographically conscious modern dance world, dancers establish their own companies simply to have roles in which they like to appear.

In 1943, while still a featured dancer with Graham, he began to give solo recitals with the assistance of composer John Cage, who created a series of scores for him. It was the start of a continuing relationship that was to strongly influence the future of modern dance. Two years later in 1945 he left Graham to pursue his career independently. From this period stems a large number of dances no longer seen in the repertory of his company, since the choreographer has in large measure forgotten them. Today with a little (not much) more money at his disposal, Cunningham has his dances notated so that they can be reproduced and freed from the erosions of memory.

During this time he studied at the



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School of American Ballet, which is the official school of the New York City Ballet, and also taught a weekly class in modern dance there. He was commissioned to do a work for the company and created "The Seasons" with an original score by Cage and decor by Noguchi. This incursion into the world of ballet left a lasting impression on his work; he now frequently builds his movements upon ballet-derived steps.

In 1953 he established his own full-fledged touring company and began the trek up and down the universities, which have traditionally provided the most faithful audiences for modern dance. In the same year he undertook a week-long series of performances at the Theatre de Lys in New York, which exposed his work to a wide New York audience but was inexplicably not reviewed in the daily press. The slight was to keep him out of New York, except for brief visits, until 1968 when he settled into a week of acclaim at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. After the successful series he then agreed to become one of the resident companies of the Academy and have regular New York seasons. The turning point in public opinion regarding Cunningham's work occurred somewhere in the 1960s. Most likely it was the enormous success of his six-month world tour in 1964. The United States followed suit belatedly.

A particular difficulty for audiences has been the advanced nature of Cunningham theatrics. He was the first choreographer to use a specially commissioned electronic score, and he has consistently sought out other radical scores. He has not adhered to star ranking in creating his dances, and has allowed audience attention to wander anywhere in the performing area. His has been a puzzling freedom for those accustomed to have dances presented to them with a discernible development, peak and denouement, and peopled with recognizable characters. His choreography celebrates the waywardness and the competitive nature of the old-fashioned American three-ring circus. It embraces chance determination of movement and does not focus action in the center of the stage. Like life itself, Cunningham's dances flicker and disappear or bombard spectators with myriads of images all at once. The dancers do not play at being anything. They simply are what they are,

totally dedicated to realizing the potential of movement itself.

For those who falter as they twist and turn through the book, attempting to read all the prose, Cunningham has thoughtfully provided a résumé of the

entire substance of the work, on the end papers. These contain pictures of members of his company in rehearsal, with a list of his dances printed over them, and a précis of his life and beliefs.

The Wall

A few leaves leaning forward strike the window —
Maples, of a heavy forest, where birds float shy
And bright as beads. The hills beyond, ascending,
Channel the winds and shut off half the sky.

Dearest, as we wake to another morning,
I think of all the years and all the schools
Bent toward the civilizing of our spirits,
I think of all the lectures and the rules,

The lives of governors, the laws of Euclid
Laid on our minds and fastened down,
All the while birds dashed in their hungry circles,
Vines churned along the edges of the town.

Dearest, though we have promised to care forever,
Remember, beyond these rooms where we sleep and wake,
It is green as jungle, singing, corruptible;
And the wall is a lie that any wind could break.

MARY OLIVER

Kalispera

On Crete one night at the Palace Theatre,
anti-climax to more genuine ruins,
I saw a Bondish movie with Mycénean titles
in which the lovely Hellene spy, after fruitless
encounters with the agent, finally offers
herself (flash/flesh) like a bowl of muscats.
Whereupon out of the wine-dark audience
on holiday from marble breasts,
one native goatboy spouts a Dionysian "Ha ha?"
laughing all the way out of the Minoan columns,
all the way down the agora,
pan into the topless evening, the kalispera.

What laughter! What discovery!
What scorn for censors who'd only allow
a grapefly peep at cineflesh!
At first his ha-ha's stung the air
like gout from the interrogative Aegean.
Then they settled down and sailed,
gulls on the updraft, crying epithets,
crying Málista! Endáksi! Paracaló!
Please — show loveliness as it is!
Evcharistó! Thanks for naked skies!

A. L. LAZARUS



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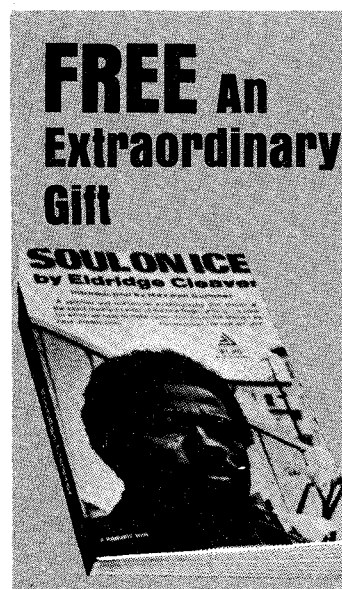
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IN THE EARLY WORLD

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PANTHEON 

The Grain of Our Eye

Anti-matter it is called.
(Awkwardness in naming the nonthing unnoticeably not occurring anywhere.)
Mistaken to assume it (the non-it) an unoccupant of nospace, a simple non-existent. No, it's (non-it's not yet) the very grain of our eye. As hair-crack in microscope adds x-tra leg to fly, proliferating nonlegs in all inconsequent offspring. Or subtracting an ex and so re-non-producing onspring. No is On by mirror-proof, and Yes is almost Eyes. A ton (or not, notice) of anti-matter weighs (some ways, the sum's) the same as empty sack of non-feathers, and is the size of Between, which varies by a pivot (as on schoolboy's compass) x-cept that this tool's aim's to make ends meet meticulously in-x-act. What's its (non-it's or nit's) anti-shape? Well, turn in itside out and cross out out. Now print if you can't a non-positive pro-negative of the after-image (or pre-if-you-fer) of O in the word *word*, when warped by a million or so small but unappreciable elisions, collisions, incisions and noninverted visions between (*between* being the wee-in intwixt the hole problem) O and the nonidentical rag content of unavoidably aging pages in that thick folio entitled to no title unless Void. We learn not how, but how Not, since one is almost own, knot two. (That's nearer out.) To avoid a void, forget get, take care to be careless. Lesscare takes development, requires a dark room in the nonbrain that's tense, prehensile, unintentionally indented with dense pre-eidetic non-ideas. Toadal blindness by its elf won't do.

MAY SWENSON

GI Communication

Sirs:

I have learned of your interest in peace organizations within the military and would like to bring you up to date on some of the activities of our group.

We have published a fourth issue of our newspaper, our biggest and best issue to date. It compares favorably with other publications of protest groups.

On November 11, around 100 of us congregated near the reviewing stand of the El Paso Veteran's Day parade, demonstrating our desire that the war in Vietnam be ended immediately. In order to stop the trend toward making November 11 a day of loyalty to our nation's war policies and regain some of the feeling of peace and brotherhood that this day once conveyed, we requested permission to march in the parade ourselves. Our request was, of course, denied, but I believe we did make a number of people aware of our sentiments.

We were very active in the local Moratorium activities also. We boycotted base mess halls, participated in a peace vigil Thursday evening and provided a large percentage of the participants in the Saturday afternoon antiwar rally. Despite all efforts by military officials to prevent GI participation in the Moratorium, Ft. Bliss was rather well represented.

You may also be interested in the degree to which Ft. Bliss officials, primarily those in the Defense Language Institute, have attempted to suppress legitimate political dissent. It is a problem which has caused me a great deal of concern recently, and I hope you will share this concern after reading my account.

Last Thursday, three PFCs, James Nies, chairman of GIs for Peace, Ed Baressi, and Ronald Lund, were disenrolled from the Vietnamese language school and reassigned to infantry training. This is the army's equivalent of Siberian exile in Stalinist Russia. In a public statement issued by the army, it was stated that the transfer was due to academic reasons.

Nies' order for disenrollment, however, made no mention of poor academic performance. It instead referred to him as a "disruptive influence" and

alluded to his political activities.

When Nies asked for a transcript of his grades, he was refused. His last report of grades, however, listed his overall average as 79. A grade of 70 is all that is normally needed to remain in the school. Baressi was to be transferred for the same reasons, despite the fact that member of his class and his teachers rate him as one of the most fluent speakers of Vietnamese in the school.

The events of their date of departure are also of interest. They were given their orders on the afternoon of November 13 and were to be processed out of Ft. Bliss six hours later. During the day they were in the custody of a senior noncommissioned officer, who would allow them to make no phone calls or speak to no one, even the office of the base Inspector General.

It is obvious to all of those in the Defense Language Institute who are familiar with the situation, that the departure of these three apostles of peace is more than a routine transfer; it is rather a form of political censorship and is therefore a flagrant violation of their constitutional rights.

Although this is the major example of suppression here at DLI, it is by no means the only case. PFC Joseph Fanucchi delivered an address to the Moratorium rally. Today, [11/17] he was called into his company commander's office and told that his pass had been revoked. When he asked why, the CO replied, "pick your reason." He then went on to explain how disturbed DLI commander Lt. Col. Wade had been when he saw Fanucchi's name in the newspaper.

A Spec 5 sympathetic with the peace movement decided to list GIs for Peace as the beneficiary of his Servicemen's Group Life Insurance policy. When Sergeant Major Williams heard of this action, he called the Spec 5 into his office. The Spec 5 has filed charges that after entering the office of the Sergeant Major, he was physically assaulted.

PFC McNiel, a married man who normally lives off post, was recently charged with a violation of an ob-

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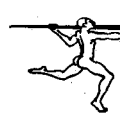
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secure, non-posted parking regulation. As a result, he has been given a room in the barracks and restricted to post, while his wife is left alone. McNiel is treasurer of GIs for Peace.

PFC Farley has had his pass revoked for carrying a camera while on post. He was also castigated for having dust on his boots after marching on a dusty parade field for two hours. Farley is active in GIs for Peace.

Cpl Carlson has court-martial proceedings pending against him for disturbing the Gigline on post. PFC Skinner was recently grilled for over half an hour on his political beliefs while his classmates were ignored. I recently had my pass revoked for a week due to a haircut deficiency and a lack of proper marking on my boots. All three of us are active in GIFF [GIs for Peace].

Various forms of group action were taken against DLI students during the recent Moratorium. Companies which saw no need for inspections for over a month decided that Friday, November 14, was a very opportune time to hold a full, stand-by barracks inspection. Company B scheduled two hours of drill and ceremonies on the mornings of the Moratorium.

GIs for Peace had asked soldiers concerned about the war to refrain from eating in the mess hall on November 13 and to spend the hour discussing and contemplating the war. Arrangements were made to open the chapel near the DLI mess hall for those who cared to express religious concern. When soldiers attempted to enter the chapel, however, they found a number of officers and CID representatives in attendance, checking the identities of all who attempted to enter. Needless to say, this effectively lessened the attendance at chapel that day.

We take great pains to assure that all of our actions are legal and comply strictly with Department of Defense regulations. It would almost appear that the army's main concern is that they don't agree with our desire for world peace.

Despite this harassment, we plan to continue on a greater level of activity than before. As soon as my period of restriction expires, you can rest assured that all of my spare time will be spent working for peace.

Pvt. Ronald E. Withem
 Ft. Bliss, Texas

Correspondence

Heller and Tax Reform

Sirs:

Readers of *The New Republic* may be misled by TRB's account (Nov. 8) of Professor Walter Heller's grave concern over the fate of tax reform ("He implores the White House to take a stand . . . 'I can't emphasize enough what's at stake here,' he says") into believing that tax reform is high on the agenda at times when Heller is closer to the levers of power. This would be a serious error. In his 1966 Godkin Lectures, published as *New Dimensions of Political Economy*, the phrase "tax reform" does not appear in the 13-page index, and the euphemism "realignment" is employed in one of the rare instances where it is suggested that there is a need for redistribution of the tax burden. The whole drift of Heller's argument is that growth and expansion will throw off a "dividend" that can be used to meet national ends ("great societies at home and grand designs abroad"), without disturbing existing relationships. In Heller's words: "Where the cost of fulfilling a people's aspirations can be met out of a growing horn of plenty—instead of robbing Peter to pay Paul—ideological roadblocks melt away, and consensus replaces conflict." I interpret this to mean that growth is a *substitute* for income redistribution and reform (both of which entail "conflict"), and that Heller is expressing a distinct preference for this substitute.

This conservative ideology was effectively pushed during Heller's tenure on the Council of Economic Advisers. One sympathetic account of Heller and the New Economists (Canterbury, *Economics on a New Frontier*) states that "Professor Heller's practicality seemed to overpower John Kenneth Galbraith's ideological influence on President Kennedy. . . . Instead of dividing the economic pie so that more will go to the public sector, Heller wants to enlarge the entire pie so that *everyone* (including the federal government) will get a larger piece. Heller's view is politically more persuasive, because it places a great reliance on private enterprise—much cherished by Americans." This perspective was clearly reflected in the

Kennedy-Johnson tax policy of 1962-1964. The extensive tax cuts of that period were highly regressive, with a primary emphasis on directly stimulating business inducements to invest, and they embodied no serious tax reform. There is compelling evidence that Heller favored precisely these tax characteristics. Hobart Rowen showed back in 1964 (*The Free Enterprisers: Kennedy, Johnson and the Business Establishment*) that Heller viewed with pride the surging corporate profits arising out of the investment tax credits and other Kennedy business bonanzas, pointing out to one audience that the "benign" influence of the Kennedy tax program had been to hide billions in real profits under the heading of depreciation allowances." Rowen also noted that Heller "has championed the cause of tax stimulants for business investment with an enthusiasm that mystifies some of his former academic colleagues." In Rowen and Canterbury we also find that it was the Republican Douglas Dillon and the conservative Democrat Wilbur Mills who were actively interested in tax reform, not the self-styled "pragmatic liberals." According to Rowen, "Heller envisioned a sharp slash in rates, encumbered by only enough reforms to make a package bill salable to the House Ways and Means Committee."

It should be noted that Heller also did not press for expenditure increases as a means of stimulating the economy during the period of controversy over the tax cuts. His almost exclusive preoccupation with the particular (and regressive) tax cuts of that period was undoubtedly based in part on the desire to assure speedy passage of tax cut legislation, but the priority system implicit in his position, which downgraded tax reform and redistribution,

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES FINN is editor of *worldview*, a journal of religious and international affairs. His most recent book is *A Conflict of Loyalties: The Case for Selective Conscientious Objection*. MORTON H. HALPERIN was formerly Deputy Assistant Secretary of International Security Affairs of the Defense Department and was most recently a member of Henry Kissinger's staff in the White House. He is currently at Brookings Institute. DON McDONAGH writes on dance for various publications.

could also be inferred from the underlying ideology. The growth ideology as he himself spells it out ("growth," says Heller, is "both the pot of gold and the rainbow") has an obvious family resemblance to an earlier and less sophisticated "trickle-down" philosophy. Heller's failure to press for tax reform in the early sixties thus appears to have been based on both practical and ideological considerations. It should be clear, therefore, that his current deep concern over tax reform has a hollow ring, to say the least. This record also suggests that a return to power of the "pragmatic liberals" would by no means assure the enactment of serious tax reform.

Edward S. Herman
Wharton School
University of Pennsylvania

Peace Delegation

Sirs:

The present Administration, I am persuaded, is not going to get us out of the war. Its aim, I suspect, is simply to reduce the level of American participation as far as necessary to tide it over the elections of 1970 and 1972. I cannot see Nixon running the risk of having Hanoi and the NLF emerge militarily victorious while he is President. He has said as much. From the negotiations in Paris, because the Administration has tied the United States position to the continuation of the Saigon regime, constituted pretty much as is, little is to be expected, I judge.

At the same time, those of us who feel that for every reason the United States must get out of the war, and soon, are at a great disadvantage. We are not in office and what we have to offer as an alternative to the Administration's program lacks concreteness. It is not sufficient simply to call for immediate withdrawal, with no regard for what the consequences might be. We are making the old mistake of trying to fight something with nothing.

What I propose is that an unofficial American peace delegation be formed of the most prominent and highly regarded persons who would be prepared to take part and that this delegation go to Paris with the aim of negotiating with the representatives of Hanoi and

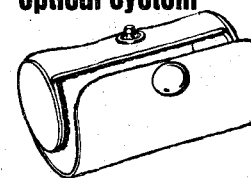
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the NLF a settlement of the war to which both parties could honorably subscribe. The position of the delegation would be that:

- 1) It accepts in principle a full and prompt American military withdrawal;
- 2) It recognizes that the United States is not entitled to and should not seek a voice in the internal affairs of Vietnam;
- 3) It considers that the United States has, however, a responsibility to those whom it encouraged (so ill-advisedly) to support the Saigon regime and must in the interests of humanity do all possible to ensure that they will not be subjected to mass reprisals; and,
- 4) It also considers that the US has an obligation to assist without stint in the reconstruction of Vietnam.

I have a strong feeling that the negotiations would produce a provisional settlement that would commend itself to an American public heartily sick of

the war and deeply concerned over the war's domestic effects. And I believe that the Administration would have to accept the substance of the proposed settlement. I might even go so far as to predict that it would welcome it, privately, as a means of getting itself off the hook.

To begin with, to prepare the public for a move that would seem to undercut the United States government in the negotiations and thus almost to smack of treason, I should suggest that proponents of the peace delegation spare no effort to make clear to the public that it had been misled as to the premises of our intervention in Vietnam, that successive Administrations in Washington had misrepresented the origins and character of the war in Vietnam—viz., the Johnson Administration by insisting (so often in Dean Rusk's words) that South Vietnam, "a small nation," had been

made the victim of "aggression" and the world been threatened by "another Munich"; the present Administration in the statement by Nixon in his speech of November 3 that "the fundamental issue" in the war and the reason that "the United States became involved in Vietnam in the first place" is that "fifteen years ago North Vietnam, with the logistical support of Communist China and the Soviet Union, launched a campaign to impose a Communist government on South Vietnam by instigating and supporting a revolution"—a statement representing either gross ignorance or total cynicism about the truth.

I believe that the American public as a whole could be led to see that what we have done in Vietnam is to intervene in a civil war in a defense of a regime artificially created behind foreign bayonets in betrayal of our own principles and traditions. Recognizing, however, that 40,000 Americans have died in Vietnam and that a large part of the public will hardly warm to the suggestion that their lives were wasted in a wrongful cause, I should suggest that the point also be made that our sympathies naturally went out to those Vietnamese who seemed prepared to resist the harsh ideology and heavy hand of the Communists, that we went to their help, and that we can never be reproached for having failed to give them every opportunity to demonstrate that they had what it takes.

Charlton Ogburn, Jr.
Oakton, Virginia



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Kauffmann, from page 20

lighting of the shot? Would she and Willie then have made love in the middle of an open glade by moonlight? Just so that we could see a good composition when the father and brothers surprise them? The line with which the lady-doctor recites her credentials is clumsy theatrical exposition, self-consciously trying to get over gawkiness in a medium that affords others ways to handle factual groundwork. When she comes into her hotel room and discovers Redford there, it may surprise *her* but cannot surprise anyone who has seen, say, three films in his life. And at the end, wouldn't Willie Boy, the "natural" man, have heard the sheriff climbing up behind him on the rocks—in those boots? Willie doesn't hear because the finish

is needed for the film.

And then we come to what have to be called the Stanley Kramer touches: the assumptions and protocols that translate liberal thought into the knee-jerk responses of liberalistic drama. The characters and issues wear tags, as in a 19th-century theater program. At the start the storekeeper and the pool shark are so blatantly anti-Indian that we feel they are being painted into a backdrop against which the story is to be played. (Of course their attitudes are real enough in life, but credibility in art is a different matter.) Similarly, the old-time Indian fighter—played by Barry Sullivan like a wall-to-wall urban account-executive—probably *would* long for the days when he could kill at will, but here he has been brought in merely to spout those sentiments, so he is less than believable. The sheriff is given that “human” twist that is now almost as much a cliché as the brutal sheriff: a feeling of communion with the man he is hunting, a sense that the fugitive is intrinsically superior to the posse that is hunting him. We got it from the sheriff in *Lonely Are the Brave* and the sheriff in *The Defiant Ones* (Kramer’s best picture I still think, though I overrated it at the time). I was sorry to see Polonsky dust off that stale novelty.

The two pairs of lovers are contrasted so patently that art shrivels: the two Indians, who want nothing but to live together; the two whites, whose civilized complexities make them want to kill each other in bed. At one point there is even a segue from the white woman’s humiliated weeping in her hotel room to the Indian girl’s sobbing by her lover in the open air, from the unhappy white society to the unhappiness caused by that society. How can we *not* get the point? What option does Polonsky give us?

He does make some attempts to take the picture out of moral simplicities. There are gnomic utterances: when someone says of the chase, “It doesn’t make sense,” the reply is, “Maybe that’s the sense it makes.” The Indian girl’s death is deliberately left unexplained. Did she kill herself to unburden Willie’s flight? Or did he kill her, in old tribal style, so that she would not fall into enemy hands? These, and other devices, try to give some body of mystery to a morality play; but the bones of the morality stick through.

At the fundamental level of the film’s theme, there is no drama of conse-

quence. The characters simply obey the author. If this is how things actually occurred in history, that fact is no more artistic justification here than with the bigots’ dialogue mentioned above. Nothing really happens to either of the major characters except that eventually one kills the other, which might have happened near the beginning as fittingly as at the end. From the start, Willie is a fatalist, ready to die. From the start, the sheriff is respectful of him (declining to interfere with Willie’s illegal drinking on the reservation) and also his congenital enemy—as he still is at the end. The two simply move through the action unaltered and unalterable. It is the lack of *possibility* in them, for change or difference, that reduces them from characters to exponents. There is a substantial difference between predestined figures, pursued by Furies, and puppets in a parable. Across Polonsky’s often gorgeous screen moves his invisible blackboard pointer.

All of us have been warned repeatedly that the critical issue of Form versus Content is a corpse, but here the “versus” is so heavily underscored that it puts argument into the corpse once more. On one hand there is Polonsky the filmer, fluent and sensitive, elliptical, with a fine rhythmic sense of when to touch and when to hold, and a compositional sense that plumbs his images. On the other hand there is Polonsky the writer, whose cosmos is bounded by rigid ideas of order without resonance. In the age of Beckett and Pinter, Polonsky’s dramaturgy still smacks of early Odets and John Howard Lawson. So, for all the excellences of his directing, his film is not very moving. It has the effect of a modern remake of a picture we saw some time ago.

The paradox is that his twenty years of enforced inaction are not apparent in his direction, of which he has done none in that time, only in his writing, at which he has been busy. Still, it is a happiness to welcome him back—if “welcome” is not an offense to a man who has been stupidly and cruelly barred for so long. Other artists have suffered—in their subsequent work—from enforced inactivity, storing up undelivered messages, resolving not to change, as proof that they have not been bowed by adversity. Now that Polonsky is back, we all hope that he can keep working and that work itself will flex all of his powers equally.

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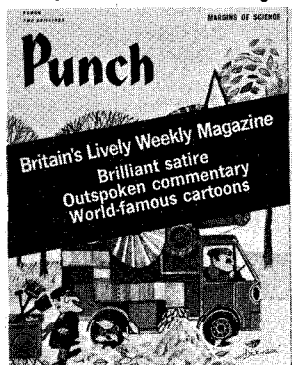
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